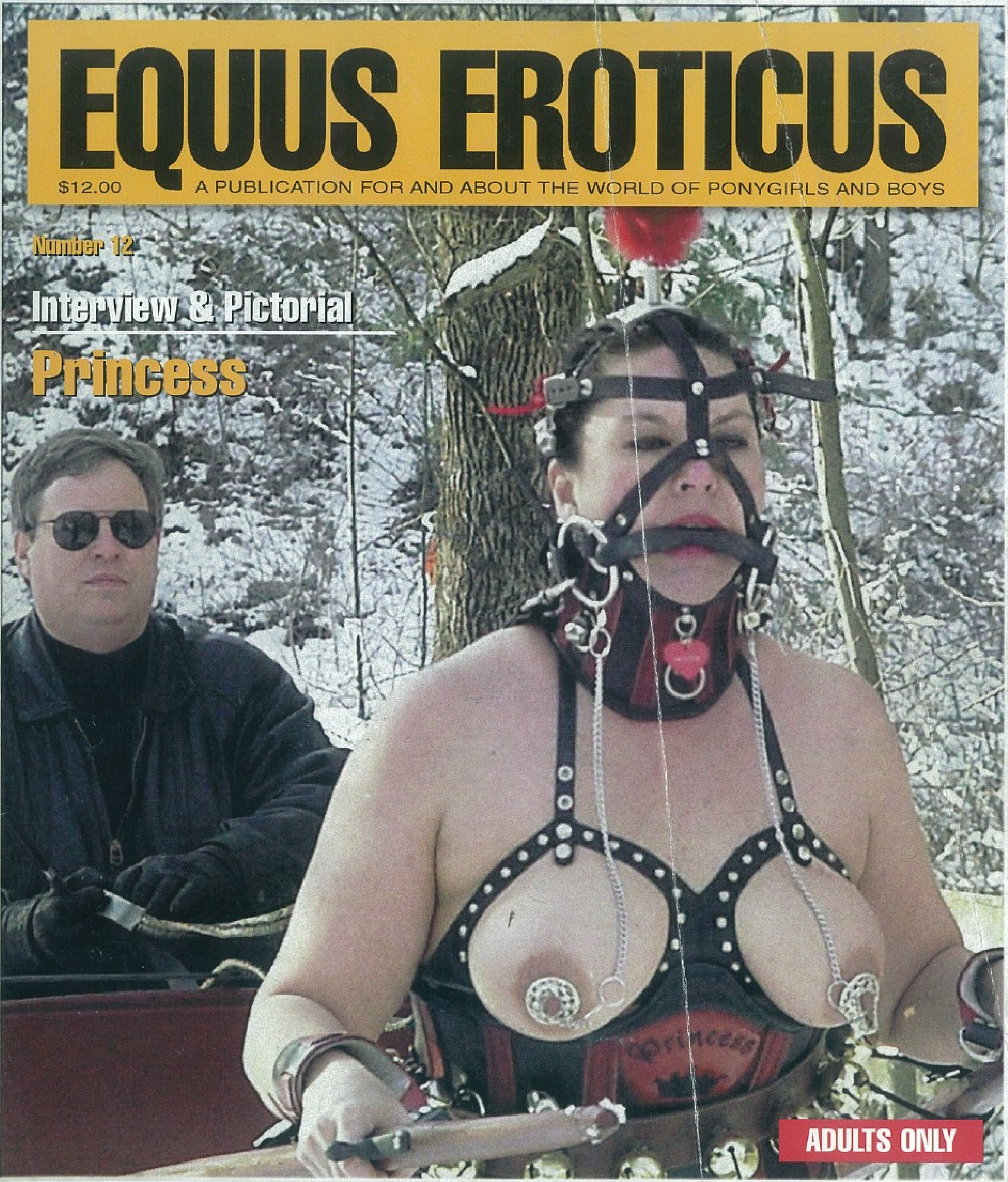
EQUUS EROTICUS

$12.00 A PUBLICATION FOR AND ABOUT THE WORLD OF PONYGIRLS AND BOYS

Number 12

Interview & Pictorial

Princess



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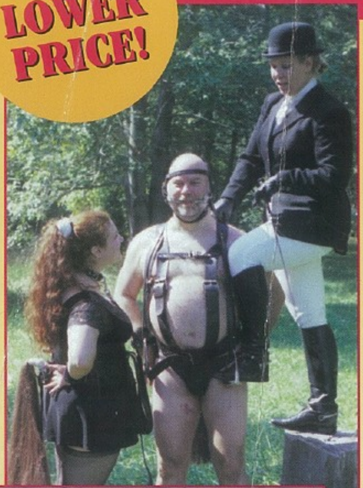

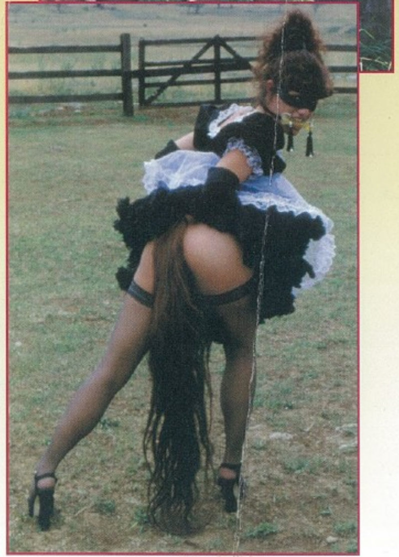

This video is the first of an exciting series of videotapes realistically depicting couples and groups engaging in the fast growing fetish of human ponyplay. Ponygirls and ponyboys are shown ridden, harnessed to carts and as show ponies.

This series of videotapes will document how actual ponyplayers around the USA engage in this very erotic and sensual activity. Over the past several years ponyplay has become very popular throughout the world and now you can see for yourself how other people participate and enjoy this fetish.

In a series of vignettes some of the scenes you will experience include the thrill of seeing a ponygirl being harnessed to a cart and driven down a country lane, watching as a ponyboy is tacked up and ridden by his Mistress along a wooded trail, observing a spirited show ponygirl at play in the fields, a ponygirl being ridden two-legged style by her Master, and a ponygirl being ridden four-legged style by a Dom.

The videotape is $29.95, plus $4 for shipping, foreign orders add $10.

Order form is on page 50.

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Equus Eroticus Philosophy

This magazine has been devoted exclusively to ponygirls and ponyboys and their Masters and Mistresses. Additionally this publication is a forum for those connected together by a desire to use human ponies as an expression of erotic pleasure. Having one partner assume the role of a human pony while the other partner assumes the dominant role and controls the role play scenario of this highly erotic activity can be a very exciting part of bondage and domination.

There are several forms of ponyplay: show ponies, cart ponies, and, my personal favorite, riding ponies. This publication is devoted to all types of human ponies and to the different types of sexual combinations. The human pony fetish is different things to different people and this magazine features many of these exciting combinations. The purpose of this magazine is not to depict men or women as subordinate but rather as complimentary to each other. Men and women can choose to play the dominant or submissive role and many couples switch roles constantly and develop new ideas as they act out their fantasies.

Mutual consent between two adults is of primary importance and the idea behind EQUUS EROTICUS Magazine and the erotic world of human ponies. Safety of the submissive is of utmost importance and a safe word or signal from the pony, discussed and agreed to ahead of time, is absolutely essential. If the submissive partner uses the safe signal during the role playing session, the dominant partner must stop and assess the situation. No person has the right to force another person into any bondage or domination scene if they choose not to participate.

All activities relating to human ponies can be physically demanding and the dominant must respect the limitations and wishes of the submissive. Total trust is necessary and the dominant should never abuse or go over the line of the submissive's limits. Severe physically injury can occur if safe role-playing practices are not followed.

This is not a "politically correct" publication. However I always treat human ponies with respect and dignity and I never look down on a human pony or think they can be mistreated simply because they are submissive. I never abuse animals and I certainly would never abuse a human pony. I treat a human pony more as an equal partner, because in this fantasy the submissive and dominant persons can achieve a great deal of exotic pleasure from this extremely erotic activity. Used as a form of sexual bondage or foreplay, ponyplay can result in a special physical intimacy between loving persons and be intensely erotic. Relationships can be improved and love heightened when this erotic activity is used in a caring and trusting fashion.

Readers of this publication must remember that the activities presented in these pages are not meant to offend, abuse, demean, exploit or in any other way take advantage of one sex over another. The bondage depicted in this publication is of mutual consent. It is hoped that this magazine will join together people with a common interest, the love of human ponies. It is my sincere hope that each reader will enjoy the fantasies this magazine contains. All comments, questions, suggestions, etc. are encouraged and submissions welcomed.

For the reader who is curious as to the origin of the magazine's title, EQUUS EROTICUS is Latin for "erotic horse". I definitely believe human ponies are truly erotic horses.

Paul Reed

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EQUUS EROTICUS readers are encouraged to submit fiction or non-fiction articles or black & white and color photographs about their personal experiences in ponyplay. Letters to the editor are encouraged. All submitted materials are subject to editing as needed. Any photos submitted must be accompanied by a statement "All people in the photographs are 18 years or older" and "Released to EQUUS EROTICUS for publication." No real names or addresses will be published. If so desired, submit materials with a pseudonym and an e-mail address. Any organizations or groups that participate in ponyplay are encouraged to submit information for publication about their events.

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No ponygirl or ponyboy was harmed while posing for photos used in this publication.

Visit the magazine's website at: www.equuseroticus.com

EQUUS EROTICUS

NUMBER 12

6 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

10 PONYPLAY AROUND THE WORLD

18 EQUUS EROTICUS INTERVIEW
Princess

28 OBJECTS OF BEAUTY:
The Ponygirl in Erotic Art

36 JASMINE'S DESTINATION
Serial Comic by Chas

38 PONYPLAY IN THE USA

42 RETURN TO ENDLESS TRAIL
story by Duncan McChesney *Illustration by Turk*

50 ORDER FORM

Cover: **Princess Pony and Lord Gary**
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Back Cover: **Kamillah**
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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

My ponygirl Misty and I were talking last night, and we noted how little there seemed to be that might “entice” someone, much like ourselves, regarding “why would I be interested in pony play”? I know for me, when I saw it the first time, in real life; it had an entirely different quality than it does now that we have experienced it a few times.

The positive feedback from everyone has been so overwhelming; it has definitely helped us feel a welcome part of the ponyplay “sub-culture” within the BD/sm community. We know there is so much more out there than what we have thus far experienced, and that the experience is different for everyone. I wanted to share with you something I sent to someone, not too long ago, when she asked me what “ponyplay entails”. *chuckle* No pun intended I am sure.

To my pony-curious friend;

Picture this. You are waiting on Master's pleasure. Could be in the house, outside, in a barn, near the car, whatever. He comes out with leather straps, and other objects in his hands. He gives you your command to stand straight and put your arms behind your back. Binding your arms/hands behind you, snuggly, but not tight or uncomfortable, he then begins strapping on something on your head. His hands are strong, he has taken complete control over you, in that you cannot grab anything, or scratch your nose, and you cannot speak. He gives off control and command from his very presence. You feel him; he is grooming you, talking soothingly to you, almost as though you were in fact an animal, and not a woman. But you both know you are, you are his property, the only way you can make your wants and desires known is through body and head movement, and your actions.

He will tell you completely what you will do, teach you how to walk, teach you trust in his mastery above human command and response. You are intelligent, caring, warm and inviting, but until he is ready, you are his ponygirl. You are a prized thoroughbred to him. He is proud of you, and shows you in his hands, his speech, and his proximity. He respects your will, but denies it until your will comes from his will. He leads you by what you now see are reins, walking you around in a circle, showing you to step higher, more pride in your walk, bringing your head up and holding your body straight. His pride in you glows from his eyes and face. His strength over you showing in his every sinew. You are sweating. It feels good to be so worked lovingly, and expected to perform to the best of your capabilities. You desire to please him in all things, you need to please him, and for him to give you praise and show you how much he loves you.

He is strong, strict, but you know it is to make you show more pride in being his. He is building you to show you off, to let others see his property and marvel at your grace and poise. Your obvious desire to please him. He then walks behind you, to teach you how to follow the pulls of the reins. He is teaching you he can command you, he can guide you, and he will guide you and not allow you to falter. But he now controls even your direction and speed. And you feel a little fear as he nears a tree, or a small stream, or some other obstacle, and either guides you away, to show you he cares about your appearance and health, or he leads you right into it, showing you that you can do what he commands, even when your mind balks. You try to, but he spurs you on, slapping your shoulders lightly with the reins, letting a little more sternness become apparent in his tone and speech. You know you must please him, and he sees you hesitate. When you finally relent and follow his direction, his pride and love for you show in his words and caresses. He lovingly strokes your hair, your shoulders, your chest, legs, and flanks. Letting you know his deep appreciation for your trust and admiration and devotion.

Dressed in something skin tight, skimpy, revealing, or nothing at all, he can put you in as much or as little as he wants, put you in as much or as little bondage as he wants, exert as much or as little control over you as he wants. Treating you as other than a person, yet keeping it in mind (maintaining the Safe, Sane and Consentual [SSC]), he could use you as a show pony, a work pony, a riding pony, or simply use you. He has taken away your humanity, while giving you the ability to be more spirited, playful, noble, and strong than you might be otherwise as a submissive or slave. I would think similar to slavery, but you still have your own will, but cannot deny or speak in any real way. Pulling a cart, letting him ride (four-legged or two) by guiding you with reins and whip (not actually hitting you like he would a real horse, but nonetheless) instead of words, or in addition to words.

Decisions taken from you, trust placed in him and his command over you to a degree beyond making you stand in position or taking a wall, or sitting just so. It is all another form of training and discipline, devotion, love, SSC play, depending on the ponygirl and the trainer.

I am not a horse-handler, some of the people in the lifestyle are. They love the whole ideal of horsemanship much like anything else we do. Buying tack and harness, grooming equipment, things like that. It can be as deep or as little as you want to play. For us, what I think we like, what I know I like, is the level of connection I have to have with her to make her do what I want when she is in pony space. The level of play can depend greatly on the physical conditioning of the pony. It is about physical play beyond whips and chains. Where spirit can be more valued than in other types of scenes. It can be just another type of scene.

Have you been to the EQUUS EROTICUS site? We are in issue 11. We have older folks, young folks, men, and women, TVs, CDs, whatever, all involved in ponyplay. It doesn't have to be (and for me better never be) about degradation or humiliation at all. It is about letting go. It puts me in a similar mind, perhaps, to where your Master is mentally and emotionally. It can be a very intense, freeing, uplifting scene space. Imagine the pride you would feel if you could carry him, around and around, if you could pull him in a cart or wagon, all by yourself. The power and exertion you would feel. I would think it would be similar to a runner's high, even more so than just subspace. As I said though, we are still in the initial stages of exploration with it.

I wanted to share with you what I put together for her. I used a lot of the information I heard from seminars given by Emily and Paul Reed, Mistress M and Shadow, and some of the other ponies and handlers I have been privileged to share conversation with. Misty and I spoke at length about it, and I have asked her to write me an essay from her perspective, to be considered for submittal to EQUUS EROTICUS. We thought perhaps, if you had interest, it would be an interesting primer for those who might show some interest, but not know what would draw them into it. Some of the fear of humiliation, dehumanization, degradation might be assuaged, and knowing how new we are, and how little we actually have experienced and know about ponyplay in general, the thought that perhaps following from the beginning might be of interest. Seeing how we started, watching us grow, perhaps becoming more engrossed with it, even switching, and getting feelings about both sides of the reins from the same person/people. I remember you do that as well, but have not seen much about it in EQUUS EROTICUS. Just some thoughts.

Respectfully,
Blackthorne

Dear Editor,

I just love all the superb photos and wonderful stories in your most interesting publication.

My first experience as a ponyboy began in 1947 when I was a teenager. A young girl used me as a ponyboy in my home basement. At that time I was so thrilled and excited to have this young girl ride on my back, as I crawled on my hands and knees on the basement floor from one end of the basement to the next room. The girl on my back felt so very light with her bare thighs pressed against me as I continually crawled on the floor as her ponyboy. I didn't have any leather collar or leash to use on me at the time. I did give the young girl several more ponyboy rides whenever she came over to visit my younger sister. After that time I really never had any more experiences as a ponyboy.

After reading the special feature in Issue #7 of EQUUS EROTICUS Magazine about “Sir Michael and Ponygirl Dina” reminded me of the stories I had read in Bizarre Magazine. I always had a strong interest in reading the classic Bizarre written by John Willie during the early 1950's. I would travel to New York City in the 1950's to buy many of his issues at a bookstore on 42nd street. His story “From Girl to Pony” in Bizarre No. 12 in 1952 and continued in his next issue No. 12 in 1953 really peaked my interest.

> *I always had a strong interest in reading the classic Bizarre written by John Willie during the early 1950's.*

The story “From Girl to Pony” is about a wife-to-be's transformation into a ponygirl. The story continues on the next issue where her future husband transforms his future wife into a high stepping ponygirl. John Willie's watercolor of the woman with a harness, which pulls her forehead back and chest forward with the toe of the raised foot level with the knee of the other foot was truly superb.

His all time classic full length feature art story “The Adventures of Sweet Gwendoline” that features many of John Willie's ponygirl artworks among so many other superb fetish drawings by this great fetish artist, has always held me spellbound, as all his bondage art did.

This lover of fetish art had to wait for over 50 years for my next experience as a ponyboy (that makes me a very old ponyboy). From 1998 to 2000 I was doing postal training with my Mistress as her submissive slave. In March 2000, she wrote to me asking if I was up to a live session with her at my home. I jumped at the chance for this wonderful experience.

Believe it or not, I was still living in the same house that back in 1947 I had my first ponyboy experience. When my Mistress and her associate visited me at my home, I had a long two-hour session with both ladies in the basement. Wearing my leather slave collar I was led by a chain leash on my hands and knees on the very same basement floor that was used to give that young girl back in 1947 a ponyboy ride. My Mistress and her associate gave my bare bottom a very sound and long spanking with their wooden hairbrushes and leather paddles. My Mistress also displayed her expert use of her bullwhip. Lucky for me, it wasn't used on me.

I had to thank both of them by kissing and licking their lovely high heel thigh-high boots. This really was a wonderful experience for this old boot lover and a thrill of a lifetime for this old fetishist.

I truly enjoy the magnificent photos and stories in EQUUS EROTICUS Magazine. It really transcends to me the time of the fetish magazine Bizarre in the 1950's. I just loved each and every issue of your superb magazine that I have read.

M.S.

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WHAT KIND OF PERSON READS EQUUS EROTICUS?

A person who enjoys the erotica of human ponies!

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Whether you are a dominant or submissive and enjoy humans as show, riding or cart ponies; you are a person who will enjoy receiving EQUUS EROTICUS. This magazine is your entrance into the exciting and erotic world of human ponies.

EQUUS EROTICUS is devoted exclusively to ponygirls and boys and their Masters and Mistresses. Each issue contains color and black and white photos, letters, illustrations and articles; plus fictional and real life stories about human ponies. Readers are highly encouraged to submit photos, stories, letters and articles about human ponies to this publication.

ORDER FORM IS ON PAGE 50.

ALL BACK ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE!

Ponyplay Around the WORLD

Ponyplay Around the World features reports from around the globe about events that have involved ponyplay in some fashion. All readers are encouraged to submit material for publication.

Italy

A Report from the Club Filippopoli by Carlo

(translated from Italian)

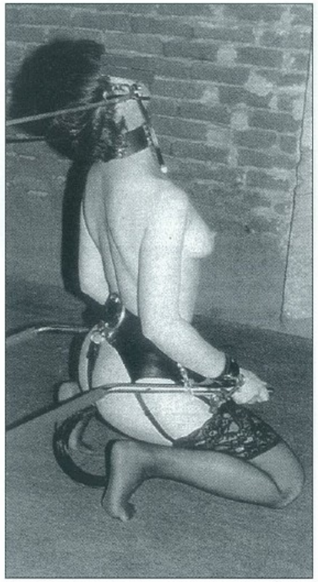
Recently we had a dressage training session at an estate in Verona, Italy, with ponygirl Fizzy. Ponygirl Fizzy is 5 1/2 feet tall and weighs about 124 lb. She is 32 years old, has a wonderful body and is in very good physical shape.

Ponygirl Fizzy has a beautiful face, with very expressive eyes, and a mouth perfectly made for a bit! She has a very sensitive mouth and responds quickly to commands and executes them immediately. Her bridle has blinders to cover her eyes and around her graceful, long neck she wears a collar that has rings with which to control her completely using a lead or reins.

Her back is very straight; her breasts are high and perky. Sometimes she wears nipple clamps with bells on them that jingle merrily when she trots. Other times she may wear a corset that holds her breasts tightly. She has a firm, flat abdomen that ends in a wonderful curve to her pussy. Her thighs are firm and hard, well muscled for cart pulling and with her strong calves, her legs look very well indeed in stockings and garters. Her feet are small and look lovely in heels. Lastly she wears a butt plug horsehair tail that hangs between the cheeks of her bottom in a lovely way. Her white skin is not marked easily; therefore it allows much use of the whip. Her trainers use the lash enthusiastically and wisely on her bottom, thighs, and pussy. Since ponygirl Fizzy is also a slave she is accustomed to being used in this way and to the kiss of the lash.

After she has been trained and found to be obedient and willing to the bit, she is shown at various gaits. She has a beautiful slow trot with a very sensual movement to it. Her slow trot is satisfying to the driver or to the observer. Fizzy lifts her knees high, and with each lift, the muscles in her bottom tense and ripple, and her butt plug tail swishes. This movement continues down into her beautiful thighs. Her grace and poise hide the remarkable strength she has which is apparent in her rippling muscles and her ability to keep cadence at all times. She is able to keep up this majestic slow trot for 300 - 350 yards while pulling her driver in the cart. She can also do a faster trot when lashed 2-4 times per minute. Then she travels at a speed of about 30 yards per minute so she can be used as a racing ponygirl too.

The pictures of Fizzy were taken in the barn at the estate. Her beautiful posture and grace of movement are very evident whether she is pulling a cart, kneeling in a submissive pose, or standing at attention waiting for her trainer.



Canada

EDMONTON O SOCIETY'S EVENT LUPERCALIA

By JG Leathers and horse-woman Pamela
Photos by Zen

JG LEATHER'S PERSPECTIVE

Edmonton? The middle of February? Cold! But a hot scene event in February 2002!

Yes, there actually is some scene activity in The Great White North, and in the middle of a Canadian Winter!

I was honored to be invited to attend the Edmonton O Society's Lupercalia event this year, and as is always the case, made many new and interesting friends over the course of the three days.

Lupercalia marked its third anniversary this year, and was an outstanding success, with every intention of getting bigger and better in the years to come. It's a pansexual event and encourages everyone in the scene we all so much enjoy, to become part of the festivities.

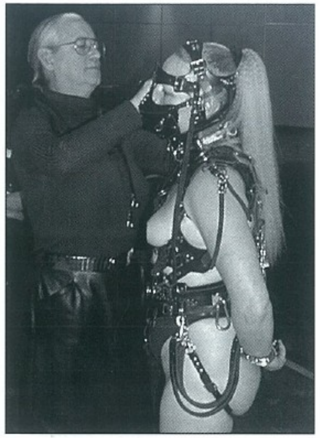
My involvement began last year when Zen, who asked if I'd care to do a presentation at the event, contacted me. Eventually, all the arrangements were made, and a week before it occurred, I traveled to Edmonton to meet my horsewoman model and have her try on the tack I'd use in the demonstration. I needed to check for fit and comfort, and to familiarize her with the feel of actually wearing the harness in its entirety. Pamela is a striking lady of incredible presence, with a wonderful sense of humor and an understanding of her inner self that few of us achieve. Being who she is, she eagerly wanted to try the ensemble.

I'd met her briefly on a previous visit to Edmonton, in November of last year, and being the person I am when I saw her, had mentally and immediately pictured her both in and controlled by my creations. However, I'd hesitated to bring up the topic, for fear of being too forward, especially only having just met her. Pamela had ideas of her own, for she'd just finished reading two of my books: *The Contract Part One* and *The Contract Part Two* (both available from www.houseofgord.com) and had become much more deeply interested in what it would really be like to be a horse-woman. She'd also heard both Zen and his lady speak of seeing the harness up close and personal and so, although I wasn't yet aware of it, the stage was set. Pamela eventually asked Zen if he'd contact me to see if I needed a model for the harness, and in fact I did, and was beginning to get a little worried that I wouldn't find one to do it justice.

Arrangements were made, and one week before the Lupercalia weekend, I returned to Edmonton to meet my new scene friends, at a party at Zen's place, and of course to have Pamela check out the harness for its fit and comfort. Initially, she'd intended only to try it on, then remove it and return to the house party that was by that point in full swing. However, upon seeing herself in a full length, bedroom mirror, dressed and controlled by the harness, she decided to give the others a quick glimpse of herself. Pamela wore the full set of tack; i.e. the body harness, the bridle, a substantial and controlling bit, a pair of pony hoof knee boots (complete with steel horse shoes), arm corsets, bondage mitts, and of course bearing reins, an anti-toss rein, and a set of normal control reins.

Pamela is a woman who carries herself with elegant confidence and she glowed with an aura of contained power, both from the sensations she was experiencing, and the image she presented. I was stunned myself by what I saw, and knew instantly that she was the person who would truly show off the tack to its best advantage.

When I opened the bedroom door then led her out into the living room on her reins, she pranced confidently after me, forced to do so by the way the boots are constructed. We made our surprise entrance in the room's doorway, and everything quite literally stopped dead in its tracks. The room was filled with a chorus of 'Wow's, gasps of amazement, and 'Oh's' of stunned surprise. None of those present had expected to see her in the tack until the following weekend. A few moments later, Pamela and I soon returned to the bedroom, but not before she'd tossed her head a few times against the restriction of her various reins, demonstrating that



they were in fact doing as intended. Just the noises of her tack moving, and the clicking sounds of the various steel components against one another, silenced the room once more and as an added bonus for the drooling crowd, she walked around for a moment in the steel horse shoe shod boots, making a very distinctive clip-clop sound. With a small tug on her reins, she obediently (really, she had little choice while wearing the harness and bit) followed me back down the hall and into the bedroom where I released her from everything. We returned to the party where she spent much of the balance of the evening answering questions about what it had felt like to wear the complete ensemble, and to be so totally controlled by it.

A week later, I returned to Edmonton and on Saturday, the 16th of February at noon, I began to fit my harness to a more than willing horse-woman. Both Pamela and I were happy and excited, and so the application of her tack went smoothly. Soon, she paced carefully around the room, reins dangling from her bit, and her hobble chain jingling on the floor, while I quickly scrambled into my own costume. It is my and many other's view, that horse-women should not be permitted the use of their hands while in role, and so I'd cuffed her wrists, then chained them behind her back. Harnessed, bridled, and booted as she was, I had no trouble getting hold of her, until now, freely dangling reins, and so her final step into the role of being a Horse-woman was made. Just outside our dressing area, I heard the crowd settling into their seats, and after a flattering introduction by Zen, we were on!

Gently, for the bit and reins I'd employed can be a very punishing combination, I gave them a small shake to remind her that she was fully under my control from that point on, then with a tug, drew her out of the door to face the waiting audience. She followed me to the podium with careful paces on the slick hardwood floor, her steel horseshoes clattering distinctively. When we emerged, the slightly noisy crowd of some seventy-five people dropped into sudden and complete silence, and then there was a burst of "Oooh's" and "Aaahhh's" before silence fell again. I took a moment to tether Pamela by her reins, and then began my presentation, explaining my history and how the various parts of the tack functioned, both separately and as a whole.

The presentation lasted for a little over an hour, and at one point during it, I had the pleasure of leading Pamela around the room and through the audience by her reins, then did a little driving from behind. Needless to say, the eyes of everyone in the crowd avidly followed our progress, drinking in each and every detail of her stately pacing and her reactions while being controlled by her reins. There is no doubt in my mind that she was the star of the show, and at its end we received an enthusiastic round of applause.

> *I surged briefly within and against web of controlling tack, then looked at him.*

I spent several minutes answering questions about my particular slant on the horse-woman and horse-woman part of the scene spectrum, but all the while kept an eye on Pamela to ensure that no one did anything uncivilized to her while she was harnessed and helpless. I needn't have worried though, for she had more than enough protective admirers gathered around, and once her bit was released she happily told those who asked, about her feelings and sensations while in the harness and during the demonstration itself.

At last, our time was over and we retreated to the dressing room to change. It had been a wonderfully successful demonstration and we were both extremely happy with the enthusiastic reception of the audience.

Edmonton in mid-Winter is certainly not frozen-in and dead to the remainder of the world!

HORSE-WOMAN PAMELA'S PERSPECTIVE

I first met the person who was eventually to become my Rein Master, and who has since evolved into a good friend, late last year. He struck me as kind of interesting, and the more I heard about him, the more my curiosity grew, particularly after I'd read his stories. For some reason I can't fathom, those stories struck a chord deep in my mind, and although I've never bottomed to anyone, I came to the realization that I had a strong desire to experience some of the scenes he'd created in his stories, especially if he was the one to have control of my reins!

Lupercalia was coming in a couple of months and I would be there, of course, but in what guise was going to be a surprise, both to my friends and me! The more I thought about the concept of horse-women, the more my desire flared to experience it, even just a little. Finally, I gathered up my courage and spoke to Zen, asking him to tell to JG that I was very interested in wearing the tack for the demonstration, although I wasn't sure if he'd already made those arrangements or not. Happily for the both of us, he was still in search of a model for his harness!

On his next visit, a week before Lupercalia was scheduled; he came to town with two completely full suitcases of equipment. A house party at Zen's home had been planned for Saturday night, and many of his and my husband's and my friends planned to attend. We eventually arrived, after suffering all the usual domestic crises that erupt just when you're ready to leave home, and got to the Zen's at about eight in the evening. During the drive there, my stomach fluttered with nervous anticipation, for I knew I'd soon be strapped into a real, purpose-designed, human horse-woman Harness! Little did I realize that once it had been completely applied, I'd not be able to get out of it by myself!

We arrived and joined in the party, and eventually, JG and I managed to sit together in a corner and get to know one another a little better. As I'd felt at our previous but brief meeting in November, there was something about him that strongly attracted me. He seems to emanate a certain kind of electric warmth, resulting in people being attracted to him, and I was no exception. He has a very strong presence, and a mind that both intrigues and excites me. From the beginning, I felt trust there, which for me is very unusual, but then, when I discovered, at least partially, how deliciously kinky his mind really is, I knew then and there that if he needed a model for his equipment, my hand was firmly raised and waving madly! As the months have gone by JG and I have become good friends, and I for one am thrilled that I've had the chance to meet someone with such stature in our particular branch of 'scene' society, and more to the point, that he was the one to give me my first thrilling adventure as a horse-woman!

Even though I am a dominant by nature, I've discovered within myself a willingness to switch roles, if it meant that I could have JG as the controller of my reins. The best way I think I can describe him is: honest both with himself and the rest of the world, trustworthy, considerate, gentle, thoughtful, and most important, he has a great deal of empathy. Really though, the thing that struck me about him is that he is quite The Most Kinkiest person I've ever had the pleasure of meeting!

At any rate an hour or so later, we went back to the bedroom and he opened the suitcases. What was revealed was a small mountain of black leather, much of which would soon be strapped around me! A shiver of nervousness was about all I could manage while I stared at the intimidating pile, then, it began.

First, I was laced into the knee high, hooved, and steel horseshoe shod boots. They were tight around my legs, but actually quite comfortable to wear. However, when I stood up, I discovered that I had to constantly shift my feet to maintain my balance because of the way they are made. I took a minute or two to walk around the room and get used to them, then it was time to fit the rest of his (and my!) tack.

The harness was surprisingly comfortable and remained that way, but as the succeeding pieces were added and tightened, then connected to each other, it became more and more apparent that I was wearing some very authoritative garments! The waist cinch was precisely what its name states and acted as the foundation garment for everything that followed. Next came the shoulder and upper body harness, and lastly the crotch piece/crupper. My arms were soon laced into long and restrictive corsets specifically designed to inhibit free movement and bending, then these were connected to the shoulder harness, further hindering me. Immediately, he fastened and locked padded bondage mitts over my hands, rendering me into a state of total helplessness to extricate myself from the harness. He wasn't finished yet, and seconds later the rings on the cuffs of the mitts were equipped with locks and short chains, then drawn behind my back and fastened there. To top off my already quite impressive bondage, he knelt before me and quickly slipped a pair of 'police quality' shackles around my booted ankles, zipping them closed with that oh so delicious sound. The shackle's joining chain was long, but not enough to permit any kind of running. Wow! What a sensation!

I surged briefly within and against web of controlling tack, then looked at him.

John was holding up the bridle, the device that would cage my head. I almost chickened out then and there upon seeing it, for I knew that once I wore it, had been bitted, and the reins were attached, he'd be able to do whatever he wanted to make me follow his commands. How easy that would be for him, I had no idea, at that point. He slipped the bridle gently over my hair and around my head, and it felt a little strange at first. The only thing I'd worn on my head before had been a hat - never a harness, and, more specifically, one specifically designed to control and restrain! John spent several minutes adjusting it to fit me properly, ensuring that it wasn't doing anything it shouldn't, then carefully drew my mid back length, blonde ponytail out through an aperture at the back, leaving it to trail from high on the rear of my head. We paused for a moment, and then he picked up the bit I was going to wear, its own separate securing harness already attached and waiting. He didn't see it, but my knees were trembling, and when he said, "Open!" my mouth did it instinctually, without any thought of refusal!

The large, internal mouthpiece of the bit, for it was not just a straight bar arrangement, slid over my teeth and rested gently on my tongue. It was cold! I bit down on the mouth bar while he threaded the first of the half dozen mounting straps through their proper rings, and then buckled them securely to the bridle itself. Another fit of nervous trembling passed through me, then he passed a wide band around the nape of my neck and I felt its straps fastened, more fully integrating the bit and bridle! With each successive tightening, the steel bit was forced a little further into my mouth, pulling back the corners of my lips and making me bite down harder on the bar! Under the mouth piece, on the hollowed inner side, was a small, gently knurled ball, and I quickly discovered I could make it spin with my tongue. That was about the only part of my head and face that was free. Why was it there? Obviously, to keep me amused, I suppose, while wearing the restricting and controlling head harness and bit!

He stood back and looked at me.

Just as real horses do, I shook my head to ease the unusual feel and mild discomfort of the bit, but it didn't ease, even the slightest! I tried to force the annoying appliance out of my mouth with my tongue. No dice. It didn't budge. I tried to speak then, and all that emerged was a series of incoherent sounds. Damn but this felt weird!

It was time for the reins. His hand went back into the bag and drew forth two substantial horse's reins and in a flash had them clipped to the long arms of the bit that projected far out in front of my face. I both saw and felt him do it, then, when he dropped them, I suddenly became aware of their weight and their affect on the bit. It moved inside my mouth! Even though I thought I had a firm bite on it, the mouthpiece flipped up to press against my palate! I reared back, more than a little shocked when that happened, and made a noise of startled shock and surprise. He looked at me carefully and asked if I was OK, then satisfied that I was, stated that it was time to fit me with the rest of the head harnessing he required his horse women to be equipped with: the 'bearing' and 'anti-toss' reins. I wondered what the heck these were for, but a moment later found out in spades! The bearing reins were clipped first to their rings on the backsides, high on the bridle, and then dropped over the rear of the shoulder harness to clip there to other waiting rings.

> *Well, all I can say is that what I saw reflected back at me was completely and utterly astounding! Never had I thought that I'd look like this! I was entranced, a little scared, and blown away all at the same time by the image!*

At first nothing happened while he connected these newest reins, but then suddenly, with a zipping of straps being drawn through their roller buckles, my head was pulled back so that I had to raise my chin! I felt the vibrations through the bridle when they were secured in their buckles, then tried to lower my head to the normal way I held it. I couldn't! These newest reins ensured that my head remained fully erect and prevented me from looking downward, other than with my eyes! He came around to my front again and clipped a 'Y' type strap to the ends on my bit arms, led its tail down, clipped it to the front of the cinch, then tightened that strap too! I tried to toss my head, but when I did, the bit moved sharply, becoming a distinctly uncomfortable appliance, as it was intended to be if I fought against it!

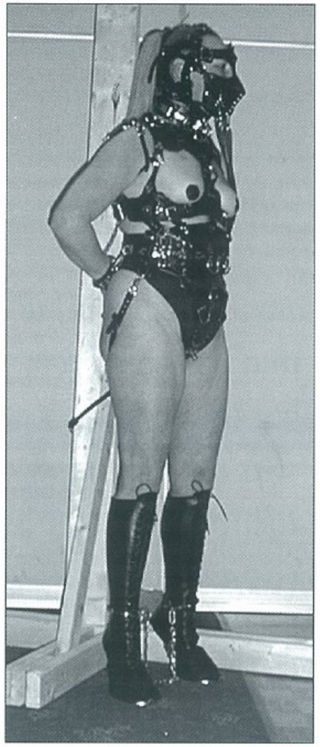
And so, there I was!

I stared at him, unable to move my head very much at all, and wondered what in hell I was doing, letting this not-quite-a-stranger take control of my life in such a blatant and inescapable way. He told me that a set of 'blinkers' could also be mounted to the bridle, and thus my side and peripheral vision could also be controlled, then he held it in position, but didn't attach it. Another unbidden flood of nervous shivers washed through me when I realized that I was actually enjoying the entire process, despite the restriction and control of the all-enveloping harness. I tried to smile at my thoughts, only to feel the drag of the bit's bar at the corners of my mouth, preventing any such display.

Being a woman, I most definitely wanted to see what I looked like, and after some severely garbled attempts to tell him this around the bit; he finally got the message, then smiled and led me down a short hall to another bedroom where there was a full-length mirror. I was positioned before it, and then he turned on the lights.

Well, all I can say is that what I saw reflected back at me was completely and utterly astounding! Never had I thought that I'd look like this! I was entranced, a little scared, and blown away all at the same time by the image! Of course I turned this way and that to see how the complex network of straps and the harness pieces looked and were fitted. "Wow, that's me!" was the only thing that came to my stunned mind. For the first time, he pulled gently on my reins and the bit made its, until now quiet authority very apparent! When the reins were tugged downward, my mouth automatically opened from the pressure of the inner portion against my palate and I tried to protest by struggling against my harness and saying something about it. No escape! While the tension of the reins was maintained, I had to do precisely what they demanded of me! The sensation of the pressure was distinctly uncomfortable, as it was intended to be. When one rein or the other was pulled upon, I was compelled to turn in that direction! The entire complex arrangement of the reins (control, bearing, and anti-toss) functioned in concert, reinforcing my appreciation of being under his complete control. Wow! What a feeling! With my hands encased in the bondage mitts, securely cuffed and chained behind me, I was utterly dependant upon his kindness and mercy, unable to resist any demands he might make, whatever they might be! I felt a delicious shiver just from those visions alone.

The realization that, if he wished it, I could be taken outside into the 25 degree Fahrenheit night and hitched to the fence, or made to go anywhere he wanted me to, came as a distinctly terrifying shock. But from the vibes I'd had from this man who now controlled me so completely, from our first meeting, I knew he'd never do anything like that, and he has never abused my trust in him. At last I was done looking at myself and we returned to the room I'd been dressed in. John removed the bit and we talked for five minutes or so: about how I felt, if the harness needed further adjustment, or if there were any other problems I was experiencing. The concerns I had were immediately remedied, then he brought out another device he'd created: a full, lower facemask that could be worn with the bridle, in place of a bit. I tried it on and damn it looked hot! I loved the way it acted to attract the gaze of anyone who looked at me, to my eyes. Then, although I'd told the others at the party that I wouldn't do it, I asked if we could do a brief show for them. With a mischievous smile he agreed, and I opened my mouth again to be bitted. It went in and was fastened much more quickly this time, and then a moment later he shook the reins and drew me from the bedroom, down the hall, and into the living room.



Everything stopped dead in its tracks when we came through the doorway from the hall and a chorus of astounded "Wow's!" and assorted other expressions of stunned amazement washed through the crowd of about twenty people. No one had expected that they'd see what it looked like that night, and they'd have to wait until the presentation at Lupercalia. To say that I was "the belle of the ball" would be a considerable understatement. I put on a little show for them, and then two minutes later we were back in the bedroom. The harness came off extremely quickly, and very shortly after, I was back in my street clothes and out with the rest of the group, really ready to party, now!

The next seven days seemed to fly by, then it was Saturday morning and I was at the hotel to get ready for the show. This time my harnessing went much more quickly, and in short moments I was again completely and securely fastened into what I'd begun to think of as my horse-woman tack. It felt good, and I liked the sensations of its control, especially feeling the weight of the straps fastened to dangling from my bit. John was soon dressed in his own costume, then took my reins in hand and briefly led me around, until we reached the door to the room in which he'd do his presentation. Truth to tell, I heard the introduction only faintly, for I was concentrating on the intense sensations washing through my body and mind, shaking my head against the drag and control of the reins every few seconds. Suddenly, the bit moved sharply in my mouth, and with a part whinny and part yelp of surprise, I was drawn through the door and out before the audience! With my hands chained, I could not resist the command of the reins and

so gave myself over to the whole scene, dropping almost instinctually into my newfound role as a horse-woman.

Our arrival stopped everything in its tracks, just like it had at the house party the previous week. I clip-clopped happily along behind my Rein Master (for that was how I now thought of him, when he controlled my reins) to the podium. I obediently went to stand beside a stout post when he tugged, then tied the controlling straps to it so I wouldn't, I suppose, wander off, just like a real horse is tethered! If you must know, I remember little of his speech for I was lost in my own dream world, staring vaguely out at the crowd from within the framing of the bit's long arms at the front of my face. I guess some of them stared back at me and the picture I presented, but all I could manage by way of acknowledgement was to shake my head slightly against the tension of the controlling straps. The jingle and clicking of my tack's steel fittings was strangely erotic music to my ears while I pranced in my horse shoe shod boots, remaining securely leashed to the post and unable on my own to free myself.

I was brought back to reality when John released my reins, then gently but with undeniable authority pulled me around the room and through the crowd. Once more it was made abundantly clear to me that I couldn't resist their imperious command, and if I tried, well, the bit made its authority apparent without mercy, or hesitation! We stopped partway in our circuit and the reins were threaded through the shoulder guide rings on the upper body harness, then he actually drove me around the room! The reins to my bit pulled firmly and there was no option but to turn either to the right or left as they and he required. When they were snapped, I instantly and most keenly felt their motions through the bit, unable to escape or avoid its command and discipline, and so sped up my pace. My Rein Master hauled firmly on them and I couldn't help the garbled yelp of discomfort and shock I made when my mouth was forced open yet again by the implacable steel appliance locked into it! I stopped instantly!

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He reconnected the reins at the front, and I was drawn back to the post to be tethered yet again, then he continued his speech, finishing shortly thereafter. During the entire time I stood leashed to the post, I had to constantly shift my feet to maintain my balance, as I'd discovered I needed to do the previous week. It wasn't a problem, but required constant effort and attention from me - another interesting facet of being a horse-woman. At last the presentation was over. The audience gave us a sustained round of applause then John came to release (but not remove!) my bit, its mounting harnesses, and my reins; and we spent ten or fifteen minutes answering questions, while both my harness and I were more closely inspected by many from the audience.

We eventually returned to the dressing area, and again I was amazed at how quickly the tack came off. I was soon back in my street (in this case scene) clothes and wondering if it had really been only two short hours? Hard to believe that it had gone by so quickly! I suppose that an intense experience like the one I'd just been through always seems to pass far too quickly for the person who's deeply involved in it. Ah well.

All in all, for my very first time as a horse-woman, I have to say that I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. As I wrote earlier, I am not a 'bottom' by any way of thinking. If anything, I'm a full and dedicated top, but this experience was an once-in-a-lifetime one, and I was not about to let it pass me by. Too, I knew it would help me immensely to understand the reactions, feelings, and sensations of someone who is in my power and under my control. In short, it was both fun and educational. I'm certain that my appearance in the harness no doubt also upset many people's appreciation of me as a top, but that, in my view is to the good, and should be repeated as often as possible.

I have to admit though that there is a niggling question at the back of my mind that makes me wonder what it would be like to do a real session as a horse-woman; being kept in role for, perhaps, a full day and night. Would I be hitched to a cart, or maybe an exercise machine and made to do as commanded? Would I be put into a box stall on cross ties then left for the night, fully harnessed, bridled, and bitted and unable to escape? Intriguing thoughts indeed, and maybe I'll try it at some point, I occasionally tell myself with a secret smile.

My experience as a horse-woman at Lupercalia, brief as it was, is one I'll treasure for many years to come, and who knows? Perhaps I will do it again (and maybe even sometime soon).

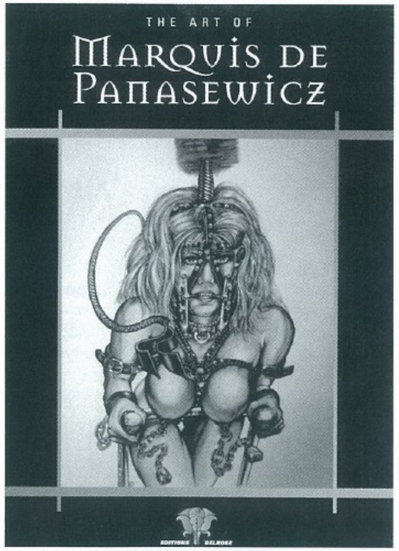
In closing, I hope you've enjoyed reading my personal perspective on being a horse-woman for JG-Leathers.

The name JG-Leathers is a well known one within the horse-woman and ponygirl part of the scene, and he has had a substantial influence on the design and creation of many of the human equine harnesses being worn and created today.

After an initial, large photo spread in HogTie Magazine, he was asked to supply all of the tack for the video PONYGIRLS AT THE RANCH, filmed two years later, and, because he was the only one who knew how it all went together, was asked to act as the ranch ram-rod, Jay, in the video itself.

JG-Leathers is also an illustrator, inventor, and prolific author; having had three illustrated books published by House Of Gord: The Contract Part One, and The Contract Part Two, and Controlling Christine, Part One (of a total of four with the remaining three awaiting publication), as well as many yet to be published stories. He has written numerous articles and permitted the use of some of his many stories in various "scene" magazines, including EQUUS EROTICUS Issues # 1 & 2.

JG-Leathers continues to make harnesses on a request and custom fitted basis, however his main love is writing and the creation of newer and more diabolical toys, something at which he excels.



If you enjoy erotic fantasy art and especially if you enjoy the artwork of the Marquis featured in past issues of EQUUS EROTICUS, you will want to own this exquisite book.

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- Almost half devoted to the fetish of human ponyplay.
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Equus Eroticus Interview

Princess

Photos by Master Twister and Emily Reed

Cat and her husband Gary are avid ponyplayers. Cat's pony persona is Ponygirl Princess, and Cat is a submissive to Lord Gary but she is a switch with others. They reside in Northern Virginia. Princess and Lord Gary have been in the lifestyle since 1991. They began exploring their interest together in ponyplay in 1999.

EQUUS EROTICUS: How did you learn about human ponies and when did you see your first human pony?

PRINCESS: I have seen pictures of exotic women in various magazines wearing a horse bit. But it wasn't until I read the "Beauty" series by Anne Rice that I became totally intrigued with the thought of being a human pony. My imagination went wild as I read about Beauty forced into wearing high-heeled hooves and running naked down a bridle path with a Master on his horse swinging a riding crop chasing after her. I wanted to be her!

I saw my first live human pony at Leather Retreat 2000. Until that time I had only seen pictures and imagined what I would look like as a pony. I went online searching for more on this topic and found EQUUS EROTICUS.

LORD GARY: Most of what I have learned about ponyplay I have learned from other ponies or trainers. I had seen pictures of ponygirls and ponyboys but had not seriously thought about ponyplay as part of our fetish life until I read the "Beauty" series.

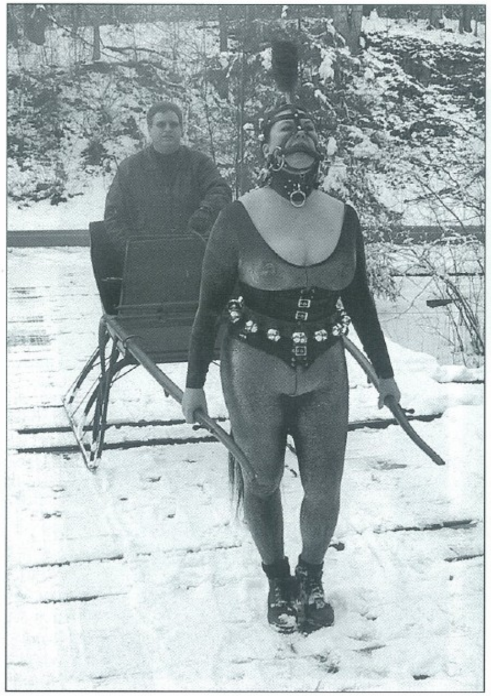
I had seen ponyboys pulling people around various Renaissance Fares, but did not realize what it was. I did think it was pretty cool and thought "how can I do this?" We went to a Black Rose event with Cat as a pony and me as her trainer. During that event, we were asked if we were going to Leather Retreat 2000 as a pony. We did. It was there we saw our first live ponyplay. We met and became close to many in the pony community. People like Mistress Lalique, and Paul and Emily Reed as well as ponies like Buck, Trigger and Piper made us feel very welcomed into what has turned out to be a favorite fetish.

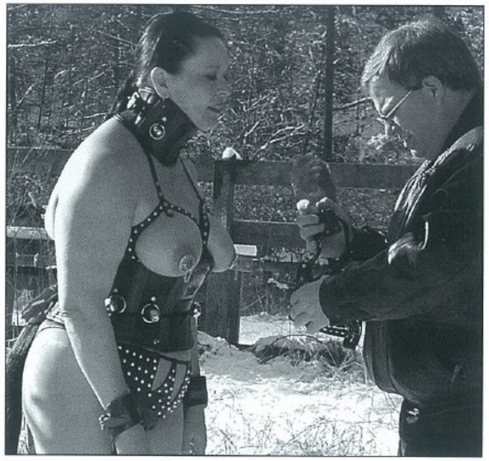
EQUUS EROTICUS: When did you first become a human pony?

PRINCESS: After finishing the "Beauty" stories, Lord Gary and I talked about our interest in pursuing this. Of course he was intrigued by it too. The thought of having me tacked up like a pony and controlling me was exciting for him. So we went in search for where we could get human pony tack. We found The Waterhole (www.water-hole.com)

In the winter of 1999 while in Connecticut, Lord Gary and I visited the Waterhole and met Mike, aka ponyboy Buck, and he showed us the various types of tack that he made for human ponies. I was so intoxicated over the smell of the leather throughout the store. It was like being in a candy shop with all the various bits, bridles and crops! Lord Gary had me fitted for a bit, and a show pony bridle with a red plume. He also bought me a real horsehair tail. I couldn't wait to get back to our hotel room to have him put it on me so that we could play.

As he was putting these newly purchased items on me, I immediately began to sink into something, I wasn't sure exactly what. When I think about it now, it was probably like a wild animal being captured. I was excited yet at the same time afraid. I looked in the mirror and saw myself changing from a submissive female into a human horse! I loved seeing the tail attached to my behind, and I also liked the pretty red plume atop the bridle, but the bit was a little uncomfortable. When he attached the reins and pulled me towards him, I struggled. All I wanted to do was run. But his kind words and gentle touch soothed my wild urges.





At the time, we lived in the country in Central Virginia. We had several acres for me to run free and for Lord Gary to break me in. As time went by I was performing for Lord Gary and following his commands, but my wild Arabian spirit was still in my heart. Thus the name "Princess" was given, because although Lord Gary could control my physique, he could not break my regal spirit (or spoiled nature, as Lord Gary would put it).

The next month we went back and together Mike and I designed the rest of my tack, the red and black leather waist cinch with the name "Princess" and a crown embossed on the front. We also did a matching posture collar and the black Waterhole pony hooves.

My first public appearance as a human equine was at Millennium Madness New Year's Eve Party 1999. This is when I got to meet Sir Paul and Lady Emily. Ms. Emily was kind enough to allow me to experience pulling a cart for the first time. I was so excited about prancing around the party room pulling Lady Emily and then Lord Gary. It was such a wonderful way to ring in the New Year!

EQUUS EROTICUS: Why do you find being a ponygirl exciting?

PRINCESS: I like being a ponygirl for so many reasons. I have always found real equines to be such beautiful animals. Their muscular form and graceful movements have always been something I enjoyed watching. As a little girl I used to like to watch the documentaries on wild horses out west on TV. Unfortunately I did not grow up around horses, but I was still in awe of these magnificent creatures.

When I am in pony mode, I picture myself as those ponies I used to watch on TV. The sleek, shiny dark hair glistening as they run wild in the countryside. I sometimes believe that I was once a horse in another life. I vision myself running wild and naked with my hair flying in the wind.

I also enjoy the pleasure I give to my Master. Lord Gary treats me very well. He pampers his pony and this makes me feel very special. I enjoy performing well for him and knowing that he is proud of owning me. I especially like giving him cart rides.

Although I enjoy running wild in the pasture, the other aspect of ponyplay that I enjoy is the BD/sm part. I find the various tack and costumes to be erotic. I love the smell and feel of leather on my naked skin. I especially like it when my wrists are bound while I am pulling a cart because this causes me to challenge myself to work harder. The D/s aspect of this type of play is also very prominent for us. I am a submissive to Lord Gary in our BD/sm life, but I also switch and top others. I think this is also a part of my persona as a pony. I am submissive as a pony, but the free spirit side of me, and the strength I possess, is the switch side. For even though Lord Gary always controls the reins, I can always jostle the cart, but pay dearly for it (not that I would do that, neigh)!

EQUUS EROTICUS: Why do you find owning Princess exciting as compared to when she is your submissive?

LORD GARY: As a pony, Cat is a different type of a submissive. She becomes more dependant on me for basic issues. I must make sure she has water and food, that she is restrained so she does not wander off. I must train her to respond to me in a way that an animal responds to its master. As a submissive she is taking care of my needs. When she is a pony I am taking care of her needs and she submits to my control. I believe this type of submission is a more complete

My imagination went wild as I read about Beauty forced into wearing high-heeled hooves and running naked down a bridle path with a Master on his horse swinging a riding crop chasing after her. I wanted to be her!

power exchange; she has given up her human qualities and is now an animal. As a human, I am supreme over her and I get to harness and channel her power in a manner that serves and pleases me. The power exchange is almost total and that is exciting to me. As a human submissive there is more of a serving role and it is a submission of equals.

EQUUS EROTICUS: What type of ponyplay do you participate in, riding, cart, or show and which do you prefer and why?

PRINCESS: I participate in cart, and show ponyplay. Also for the first time I got to pull Lord Gary in a real one-horse-open snow sleigh! I really enjoy all equally. I like pleasing my Master while pulling him in a cart. I like performing because this not only pleases him but also is also entertaining for the audience. I'm not overly fond of competitions. I suppose this comes from having to be competitive in my vanilla life, that I don't like the pressures of competition in my BD/sm play. Ponyplay is a release for me.

LORD GARY: Cart and show ponyplay is what we have mostly done. Recently we had the opportunity to pull a sleigh in the snow. I prefer the cart and sleigh events. For me I am in total control in these events. I have Princess with a bit in her mouth and with the reins attached to her bit and her nipples so I know she will follow the lead of the reins or she will feel it. I like this form of subtle and yet absolute control. Also this type of play shows Princess's athleticism and strength. Show pony without the cart is a nice diversion and can be fun but my favorite is the cart (until we did the sleigh).

EQUUS EROTICUS: Please describe your training costume, tack, and appointments. Did you design them and do you have one particular piece of tack or equipment that really puts you into pony space?

PRINCESS: When I am in pony mode I always wear my tail. This is the one piece that when placed on me I immediately drop into my pony persona. I no longer want to talk as a human and actually resent having to do so at times. My training tack includes the bit and a leather waist belt. When training I may also wear my hooves to get the feel of traction for certain scenes that we are working on, otherwise I may just wear black boots.

My regular formal tack incorporates a black and red leather waist cinch that buckles in the back and has large silver rings and bells attached. It also has the name "Princess" and a crown embossed in the leather on the front panel. I have a matching posture collar, and black and red wrist cuffs. Mike of the Waterhole and I designed this particular tack. At times I wear a silver studded black leather open bra top and a black leather thong with the waist cinch. I also have black leather hooves that are designed by the Waterhole and were shod by farrier Ms. Lorelei while I was at Leather Retreat 2000. I love the sounds that the horseshoes make when I am trotting along a paved road. At times Lord Gary adds red or black vet wrap around the calves for the look and support.

EQUUS EROTICUS: What is a typical session as Princess with Lord Gary like?

Because I'm a free spirit, it takes a little bit to calm me down in order to place a bit in my mouth.

PRINCESS: I don't know that there is a "typical" session with Lord Gary and I. For me, all of our ponyplay is special. Since moving to the city, we don't get the opportunity as often. After having the ability to run free and play outside in the open, playing in our apartment doesn't seem as much fun. So we long for the times we get to go up north and visit with Mistress Lalique and play in her pasture, and the other times we can play outside.

When we do play, my mind begins to go into pony space just thinking about playing. When I am getting tacked up, it is the putting on of the tail that really drops me into pony space. I love when Lord Gary brushes me and pats my rump just as he would a real horse. Because I'm a free spirit, it takes a little bit to calm me down in order to place a bit in my mouth. It really is hard to explain somewhat because as I sit here and think about it, I feel myself going there, to pony space. Okay, I'm back!

Sometimes when we play, he is training me. We work with the various steps, trotting, jumping and form. He works with me on a lunge line and on cart pulling. Many times he pushes me harder and to do more: pulling the cart for longer periods of time, going up inclines, trotting, running, and jumping. I find this exhilarating as it challenges me to do better for him. At other times when we play, he may just put me out in the pasture and let me roam and just be a pony at liberty. I will role around in the grass and play with the other ponies.

EQUUS EROTICUS: It appears you are very much into the fantasy aspect of ponyplay and have made many of your fantasies a reality, for example your persona as the Dark Sister of Pegasus. This involves having quite an assortment of costumes for your pony personas. How did you come up with the designs and ideas? Do you make them yourself? Please describe for our readers your perfect fantasy for Princess and Lord Gary.

PRINCESS: Having studied dance and music for several years, my creative side can't help but come out in this aspect of my life too. I love the mystical equine drawings that are prevalent in fantasy literature such as Pegasus, the winged horse and the Unicorns. I've always thought the ponies at the circus were fantasy ponies with their plumes, ruffles and shiny tack. This gave me the idea to create my fantasy ponies.

Lord Gary and I created Princess the Dark Sister of Pegasus with her black-feathered wings, black leather corset and high heel boots. For Black Rose 2000 we decided to do a performance of Lord Gary taming the wild winged pony by luring her with an apple and winning her trust.

I also have a Warrior Princess outfit with black leather corset, bra, wrist cuffs, posture collar and boots. For Halloween last year I dressed as a Mummy Pony all wrapped in white vet wrap. I am currently working on several other ideas. Most of the time I incorporate different items together that I buy from various stores to come up with the costume.

I like doing the fantasy ponies because I think they are fun and pretty to look at. The costumes can be whatever you want them to be. For me, the fantasy pony is taking ponyplay to another realm of eroticism and mystery.

My perfect fantasy for Lord Gary and I? A beautiful day in spring, I am in shiny black leather tack with shiny silver bells, and my tail is beautifully braided. Lord Gary is dressed in gentlemen's riding gear. I am pulling him in an old-fashioned horse buggy in a very beautiful and public setting, such as NYC's Central Park or the Kew gardens in London. For me, being able to do this in public would mean to diminish the blur between being a human equine and a real equine, like taking a quantum leap.

EQUUS EROTICUS: What has been your experience in interacting with other human ponies?

PRINCESS: As my human self, Cat, I think that I am very friendly and sociable with people. As my human equine self, Princess, I think that I can be very prissy when it comes to interaction with other ponies. I do like playing with other ponies but I am also somewhat reserved. I do enjoy rubbing up against some of those fine Stallions I've seen out there like Red Hot Pony, Hurdles and Trigger. And I'm not opposed to playing with a few of the fillies and taking a nibble at their nipples, like with Piper and Purple Passion. Usually when I am getting ready for competition, I do not like to be bothered by other ponies. I like it when Lord Gary has me tied in the stall and I have the time to relax and calm my nerves. The noise of all the other ponies and everything else going on during that time, can be unsettling for me and I feel anxious.

Also there were a group of horses standing at an opening to the arena on the other side of the building. They came up to watch us and when I whinnied they whinnied back!

EQUUS EROTICUS: What sort of activities do you pursue in your vanilla life that add to your fetish life?

LORD GARY: We ride motorcycles and that can get very close to our fetish play. We are trying to figure out how we can safely incorporate ponyplay into the Harley!

EQUUS EROTICUS: Do you have any funny or unusual experiences you can tell us about whilst you've been a ponygirl in public?

PRINCESS: As Princess, I have had the opportunity to experience so many unusual and fun events. A few years ago I decided to go to the Maryland Renaissance Faire as Princess. I wore my red and black leather tack, my hooves and a full black unitard so to cover my body. Lord Gary and I went with a group of friends from Black Rose. Lord Gary led me around on a lead for about four hours. All during the time we couldn't walk two feet without people coming up and asking to take pictures! They had their kids stand next to me and they were asking Lord Gary all sorts of questions. Lord Gary told them that the Wizard's spell didn't work completely and that was why I was part horse and part human. After awhile it seems that a few of the Faire's management wasn't too happy with us and had the off-duty police come up and inform me that I had to either remove the attire or leave. I decided to change and wore instead something that was much more provocative but allowable than my pony attire. But, at least I got to be Princess in public for a few hours.

One year DS Desires was held at a ranch where we were able to do ponyplay in a real horse arena! The stable hands were astonished to see people dressed and acting like ponies. Mistress Lalique led me over to the stable hands for them to get a closer look and to pet me. They were so nervous and afraid when I whinnied! The experience of being around real horses while in pony space was so unforgettable! While I was standing tethered to a pole next to the corrugated aluminum wall of the arena, there was a horse in the paddock on the other side of the wall outside. The horse and I sensed each other and we were both making noises and communicating to each other through the wall! Also there were a group of horses standing at an opening to the arena on the other side of the building. They came up to watch us and when I whinnied they whinnied back! It seems that I truly have a connection with my equine friends. Ponygirl Arrabella and I had so much fun that afternoon pulling a cart together and giving rides to Lord Gary and Mistress Lalique!

Another time I was invited to be Princess at Lolita's Birthday Party. It was so much fun to be a pony at a birthday party, even though the birthday girl was more interested in all her presents than she was with the pony.

Finally, this winter we managed to have a snow sleigh and snow at the same time! This has been a dream for me. Sir Paul and Lady Emily, Lord Gary and I packed up the snow sleigh that Sir Paul and Lady Emily had purchased and off we drove to Pennsylvania in search of a place where I could pull the sleigh in the snow. We were fortunate to find a couple who had a wonderful home along with a stable, paddock and little wooden bridge where we could play and take photos. What a winter wonderland! But I must admit, it was a bit nippy out! Carla made a great groom and was always ready with the horse blanket.

EQUUS EROTICUS: You and your Master are also husband & wife and also have a BD/sm relationship. How does ponyplay fit into your various lifestyles? Do you participate in any other type of animal role-play such as kitten? Do you incorporate BD/sm with ponyplay? How so?

PRINCESS: I am Lord Gary's submissive, wife and business partner. Ponyplay is just one aspect of our BD/sm relationship. I love impact play with whips, paddles, floggers, etc. For us, ponyplay incorporates the D/s relationship and bondage. Very rarely does Lord Gary inflict pain on me as Princess. Only when Princess isn't doing something correctly will he use the crop or whip in that manner. Lord Gary treats me just as he would a real horse and he would never beat an animal.

Occasionally I have taken on the persona of a wild cat. Not your domestic cat, but more like an exotic leopard on a leash.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Can you describe your feelings and thoughts when you are Princess?

PRINCESS: When I am Princess I get so immersed into being a horse and no longer a human. I don't think about human things. Sometimes I don't even think, I just am. I feel strong and beautiful just as a black Arabian. When outside, I enjoy the feel of the breeze touching my naked skin. I love to just roll around in the cool green grass and take naps in the sun. When pulling a cart or performing for Lord Gary, I feel a sense of pride in myself that I am pleasing my Master by providing this service as a animal.

EQUUS EROTICUS: What advice would you give to someone who is interested in this fetish?

PRINCESS: For someone who may be interested in this fetish, I would say, "Go for it!" But also think about what it is that you want out of this type of play. You don't have to be like someone else, have your own style. Have fun with it. Also, you don't have to get real fancy with your tack. I have seen some very nice tack put together with rope or other things that you might find in your closet.

LORD GARY: I often get asked this question. My best advice to anybody starting in ponyplay is to relax, have fun and do what you believe is natural. There is no right or wrong way to do ponyplay. Watch others, ask the trainers how some thing is done and try it. Don't ask the ponies because ponies cannot speak. But, mainly have fun and go for it.

EQUUS EROTICUS: You have had a very successful pony show career. Please relate your experiences as a contestant in a human pony show and how your mental and emotional pony space differs during a show.

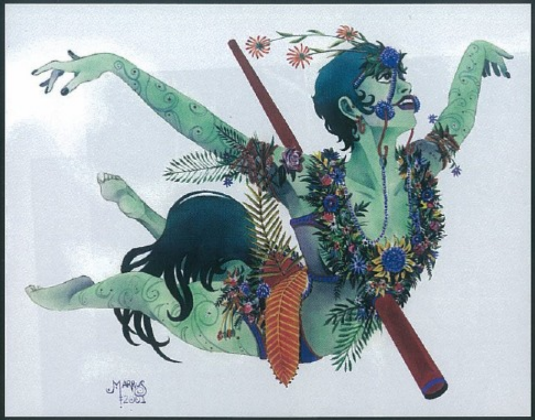
PRINCESS: My first pony show that I ever saw was the first one I participated in and that was at Leather Retreat 2000. I had no idea what to expect or what was expected of me. Lord Gary and I watched the others and decided to pull the cart for our part of the competition. We went in with the attitude of to just have fun. It was a long day, eight hours of being in pony space! But it was one of the best experiences of my life!

> *My best advice to anybody starting in ponyplay is to relax, have fun and do what you believe is natural. There is no right or wrong way to do ponyplay.*

Since Leather Retreat 2000 I have participated in shows at Erotic Thoroughbreds, Black Rose 2000 & 2001 and have won various ribbons. I must admit that I do not enjoy the competition part as much as I enjoy performing and giving cart rides. I tend to get nervous and if I do not do well in the competition, I feel that I have failed my Lord Gary. Ponyplay for me is a time of release from my human world. To have to compete is pressure; to be judged is so human. Ponies just want to have FUN!

*Princess Pony's snow play will be featured in the new video, **Human Ponyplay in the USA 2**, which will be available later this year from Magic Pony Productions.*

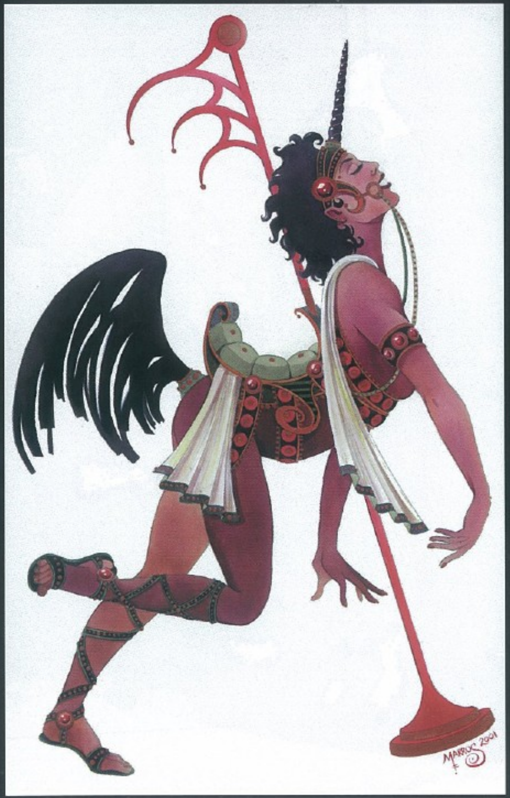
*Princess and Lord Gary are developing a website of their ponyplay activities at **www.princesspony.com***



An artist is defined as being "one who creates objects of beauty". This feature is the work of five wonderful artists of erotica, each of whom has their own special artistic interpretation of the fetish of ponygirls. From comic art to sculpture, each artist has taken the essence of the ponygirl and given it life through their particular art media. Perhaps Pablo Picasso gave us the definitive meaning of art: "Art is never chaste. It ought to be forbidden to ignorant innocents, never allowed into contact with those not sufficiently prepared. Yes, art is dangerous. Where it is chaste, it is not art."

Objects of Beauty:

the ponygirl in erotic art



MARRUS

I've been painting in NYC for the last decade after receiving my BFA from Virginia Commonwealth University. I've worked as a comic book artist at companies like Valiant and Elfquest, and also was the creative director for Gor Magazine. The last few years, in addition to showing in galleries in New York, I've been trekking around the country selling my work at fetish and sci-fi/fantasy conventions.

I have many more carouselle horses than you see here. What you won't be able to see in print is that all the ponies have been augmented with metallic gold, silver and copper, so when the light hits them properly, all their trappings sparkle. All of the ponies are professionally matted and framed, and for sale if you fall in love with one of them! If you'd like a painted portrait of a ponygirl near and dear to your heart, I'm delighted to do commissions.

I first came up with the idea of human carousel horses when I was 17. I didn't know anything about ponyplay at the time; I just thought that the idea of putting people in animalistic situations was intriguing. Most folks don't see anything wrong with a saddle on a horse, a collar around a dog's neck, a deer's head mounted on a wall, but put the human animal in those same scenarios and the juxtaposition can be shocking.

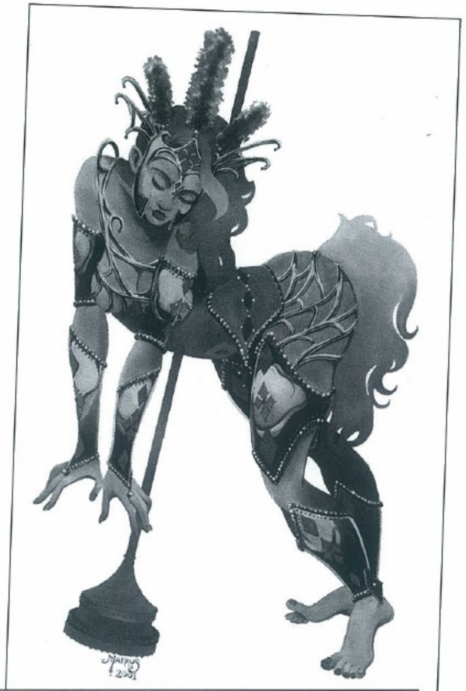
I saw my first photograph of a ponygirl at Purple Passion in NYC about 5 years ago and was floored. I LOVED it. The shiny trappings, the mindset, the tight self-discipline, yum! I decided to revisit the concept after seeing Princess Pony at TES 30. My skill levels had finally caught up to my original vision and I'm very pleased with the results. I dragged out the old piece I'd done as a teenager to compare the difference and had to laugh, what a difference a few years can make!

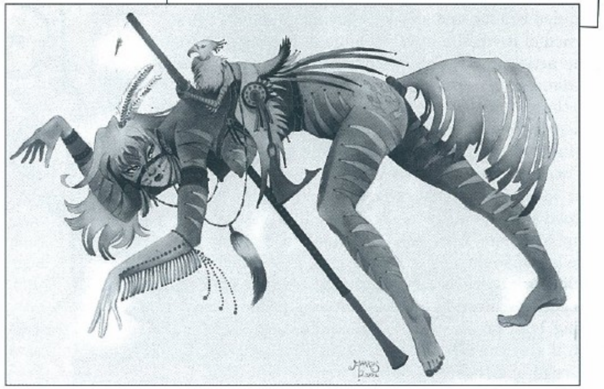
The Carouselle series premiered at the Boylan Galleries in NYC this past December, and I bring my other work to many fetish-oriented shows along the east coast. After seeing the original "horses" at the Boston Fetish Flea Market, Fetish Diva Midori called me "a really talented fine artist who does wonderful erotic and pervy art... this isn't the ordinary stuff..." So wonderful when someone whose work I admire loves mine!

My work deals with the universal metaphors that are used to understand the things for which we have no words. Often, the imagery comes from dreams, and by locking them down on canvas, I've learned to control my nightmares, look at them in the daylight when all their power holds no sway over me, analyze them and move on with my life to the next thing to overcome.

My attraction to the scene springs from my desire to keep my ears, eyes, skin and soul constantly off kilter. I only grow when I'm uncomfortable. Every time my flesh feels a new sensation, or I twist a new head in just that perfect way, fuel is added to my passion, artistic and otherwise.

To see more of my work, or contact me, please go to my website at **www.marrusart.com**





MELANIE KLEGERMAN

Art and various forms of other creative expression have been my chief passion for as long as I can remember. It only made logical sense that I made a living being creative and artistic. I can't imagine a more enjoyable way to live life for me.

I'm mostly self-taught, and have had little formal training. I've lived in the Chicago area all my life, it's pretty much a part of me so I'm sure this is where I'll stay for quite a long time. As a kid I loved drawing my own cartoons and illustrations (and trying to sell them to other kids, I've always had a leaning towards marketing my work). I loved reading comic books and also had become fascinated with fairies, unicorns, and other fantasy/mythological beings. I definitely grew up in my own fantasy world.

I was a very sheltered teenager, and spent a lot of time drawing sexy, capable girls who were self confident and powerful, yet still very feminine. My fantasy drawings included voluptuous girls in leather, sometimes wielding whips, always with a somewhat dangerous stare and riveting eyes. I have no idea where I picked that all up, being as sheltered as I was, but I was sold on a fantasy world where girls could be sexy and beautiful, yet in control.

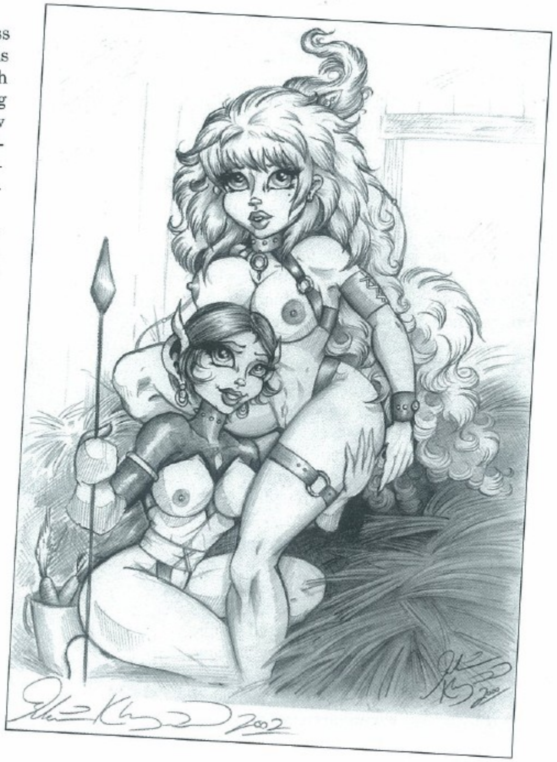
As I got into my twenties and started my own business as an artist, I found that those leather clad mystery girls were back in my illustrations. I had been working with fantasy girls (elves, fairies, mermaids, etc.) and mixing fantasy with eroticism seemed to come naturally. I now split my time between fantasy and erotic fantasy. I really enjoy both, and it's a great freedom to know I can satisfy either of my creative moods and still have an audience who enjoys my work. I'm very grateful for that.

I've found that ponygirls are a really fun outlet for my brand of fantasy & erotic art. The trust and the roles involved are very compelling. I really enjoy depicting the trusting submission, and unwavering power between the two. The idea of ponyplay from my perception of it really fits into my imagined ideal of dignified beauty, and stern yet loving guidance. I first learned of it when a buyer of mine in Hawaii sent me some articles on the web about ponyplay and I tried my hand at my own vision of it. I personally am not into the ponyplay scene or BD/sm lifestyle. My visions come from my own very active imagination, and from the knowledge of friends of mine who are into it.

I once did some creative web design work for a dungeon in Chicago. That was quite an experience. I learned a bit about the reality of the lifestyle. It's one thing to create from your imagination, another to have some reality as a backdrop. I was asked if I would work there as a mistress, and I had to say no. I respect the lifestyle, and I find it and it's play fascinating, but in reality I'm a much more boring person than that. I can relate a lot to Anne Rice from what I've read of her feelings about writing eroticism. I come from a similar point of view.

Sirius published my pin up book in comic book format, "The Lost Book Of Elven Erotica" last summer under their Dogstar Press label. The pin ups include nude fantasy females, many are bondage themed, and there is a ponygirl illustration and a few bound centaurettes inside as well. We're working on another book for the summer of 2001, although it will be more of a general audience book. I'm hoping to put out a sequel to 'Lost Book' sometime in the near future; I really enjoyed completing the first one. Eroticism is a wonderful outlet that I don't want to leave for too long.

My website features my work, as well as an online store where one can purchase prints, books, cards, and other merchandise including ‘The Lost Book Of Elven Erotica'. I also appear at many shows and conventions over the summer. This year I'll be in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Ohio, and here in Chicago. I'm hoping to add a few more shows as the summer approaches. More information on where I'll be this year can be found on my website at **www.MelanieArt.com** or I can be contacted via e-mail there at **Melanie@MelanieArt.com**.



ROB LIPTAK

I am a self-taught sculptor and have been sculpting for 20 years, working primarily in wood. Most of my early carvings were of a primitive style relating to holiday icons (i.e. Santa.) I began expanding into a realistic approach, carving pin-up and fetish art. Unable to carve the detail of the outfits, I began working in clay and am presently producing resin model kits. The move to creating art representing BD/sm and ponyplay has been a natural transition from the pin-up art style.

I still carve, but my style has become abstract in contrast to the resin models, which are realistic in representation. I'm available for commissioned work and prefer ideas relating to fetish interests, though occasionally I still receive a request for a Santa carving.

Two values come to mind when expressing my views on ponyplay as well as BD/sm: the importance of Trust and Joy.

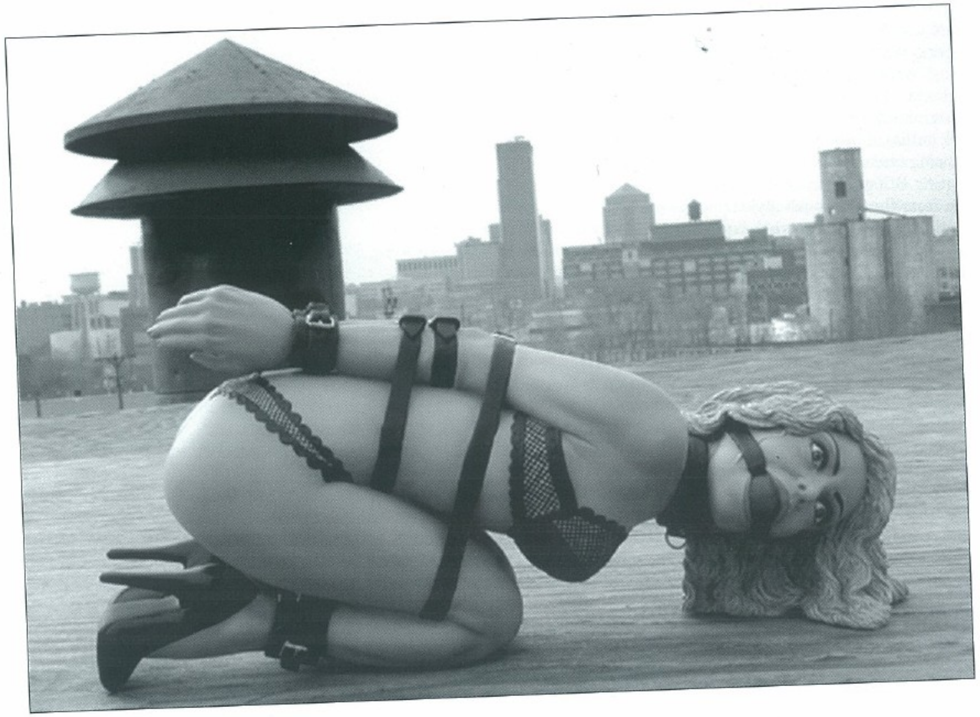
Trust. In BD/sm a person is vulnerable both physically and emotionally, even before the playing begins. To tell someone you like/want, love/need to be tied up and led, or to do the tying/leading takes so much trust to make the request. Our society does not encourage trust, particularly in matters dealing with sexuality. Society would rather name someone a social deviant than to acknowledge some individuals have interests beyond the church/State defined normal, whatever that may be.

Joy. Those that are close-minded would never understand the concept of joy, even if viewing it first hand. When I witnessed my first ball-tie, I was thinking, "how awful." Yet, when the woman was released, she had a smile on her face and was in a state of euphoria for the rest of the evening. That moment of joy, was an enlightening experience. If someone could experience that much joy, who has the right to say it was wrong? It was between consenting adults and a considerable amount of information had passed between the couple before the first strap was ever applied, again, referring to the trust issue.

I view ponyplay in the same light. There is the same trust between the couple and the joy of the experience. I also view this as actors on stage, and like actors, they improve with practice. The physical aspects of this ponyplay, the actors take their roles seriously and enjoy the process.

It was natural that my pin-up art would evolve into a mature form, representing BD/sm/ and human pony lifestyles. The pin-up art was becoming a static form; a pretty woman who wore the correct make up and outfit and then a picture was taken. For the most part, the eyes conveyed all the information that was necessary "take the picture so I can go home!" That callousness is rarely seen in the BD/sm/ ponyplay community.

ROB LIPTAK



I try to capture "the moment." It is a realistic style when dealing with the clay/resin work. When I created the classic ball-tie, "Belle of the Ball," the woman does not look happy, but BD/sm does not mean smiling throughout the event. The participants play their expected roles. That is part of the joy within the experience. On the other hand, the "Show Pony Bust" is of a woman who is proud to be the focus of attention. I tried to capture that moment.

When these pieces were first displayed at a pin-up art show, I was delighted when a woman walked towards my table, looked at my artwork, and I would then see a smile envelop her face. For me, that was the perfect compliment, a sharing of a desire without a word ever being spoken.

I was proud to be nominated as "Best Bondage Artist of 2001" and I made it through the second of three cuts. My work is not extensive, but it was quite an honor to be put in with such a group of the fantastic artists being considered.

I have won a number of awards with my wood sculptures, but I have taken a hiatus from carving shows. My work is a bit too risque for the participants and I have run into a number of censorship problems.

"Belle of the Ball" is the first of the "classic bondage poses" series. I am close to completing the second in the series, the "Hog-tie," as yet to be named. She should be ready some time later in the year. Ideally, I would love to do the eight classic poses in the large 1/4 scale.

I have started the layout for a ponygirl (1/6 scale) that would be pulling a cart. There are a number of problems I have to solve with the cart, but I think it is doable. The next problem is finding a model to work with for a day or so who does not mind prancing around for me! When I am ready to focus on this project, I feel that someone will trot in to help me out.

I am experimenting with wood intarsia pieces. I have a couple of smaller pieces completed and want to work on larger ones with subtle, sexual inferences. Because intarsia has an abstract quality to it, one can hang this artwork on the wall and not feel the need to keep it hidden in the dungeon.

You can visit my website at **www.liptakart.net** and reach me via e-mail at **rjliptak@erinet.com** to find out where I will be this year or send mail to:

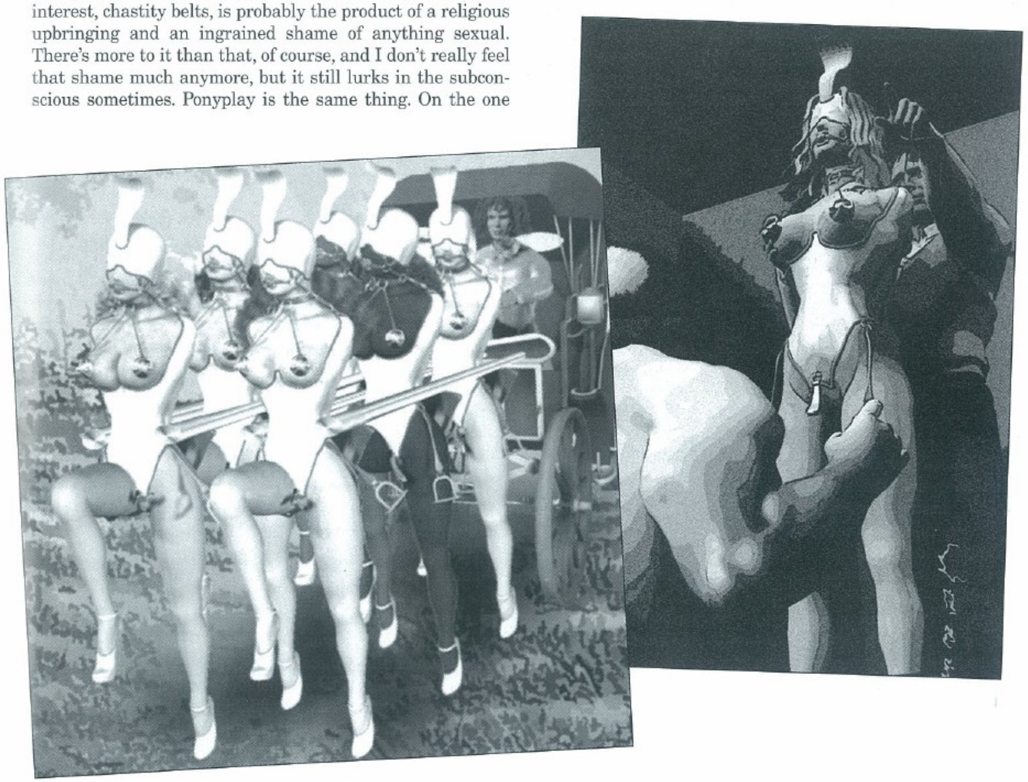
Rob Liptak
Art Erotica, PO Box 632
Yellow Springs, OH 45387

CHAS

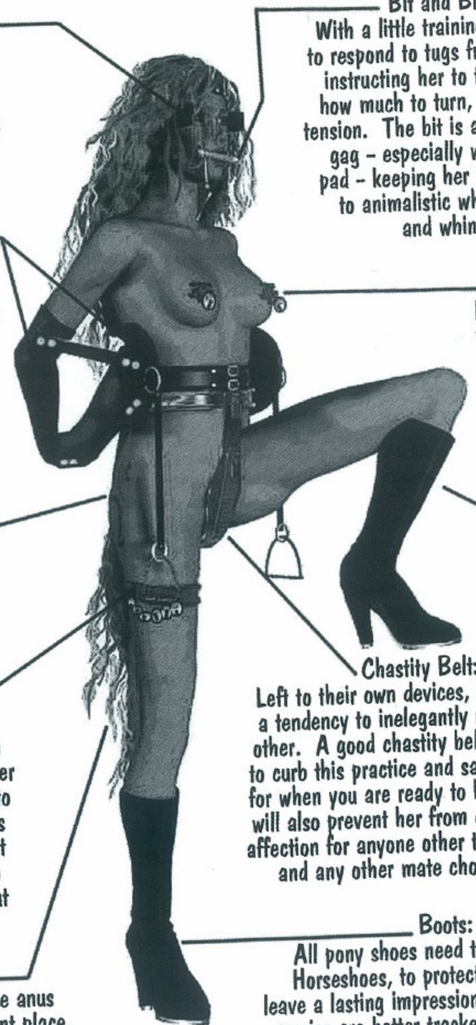
I am 33-year-old self-taught Canadian illustrator with a small amount of experience as a comics artist and 10 years experience in comic publishing. I am also a comics writer who became a self-taught comics artist out of necessity, and then discovered an enormous enjoyment in it. Shifting to erotic art and electronic art in June 1999 with the opening of my website, my fetish art has been published by Reluctant Press, TGstories, EQUUS EROTICUS, Sissify.com, Forced Womanhood Magazine, Frocks and many others. Although my mainstream bondage art has had limited distribution I am reasonably well known for my transgender and fetish artwork. I am a "switch" (in both role and gender) and have been occasionally involved with the SM Scene in Western Canada, and am happily married to a wonderful, understanding woman. There is a forthcoming CD-ROM collection of my early work, and inquiries regarding commissions are welcome.

Our fetishes (and we all have them, some are just more "acceptable" than others) say a lot about us. My own quirky interest, chastity belts, is probably the product of a religious upbringing and an ingrained shame of anything sexual. There's more to it than that, of course, and I don't really feel that shame much anymore, but it still lurks in the subconscious sometimes. Ponyplay is the same thing. On the one hand, a ponygirl is enduring bondage and use as an animal. On the other, we recognize her (and the horses she mimics) as beautiful and powerful at the same time. It's not like having a dog on a leash, we harness a ponygirl, ponyboy or transgendered ponygirl as much from respect of their strength and majesty. You don't seek to harness something that is without ambition or energy or drive.

As a writer, I discovered the magic intensity of erotica, and the intensity that many poet-writers (including one who was my mentor in many ways) could cultivate from it. Erotica is about the moment, about every little feeling, every little sensation, every little thought. Although I'm not a fan of high art, I'm at the stage where I want to grow beyond pin-ups and express more, using color, texture, perspective and most importantly to be able to capture all of those little things in a single depicted moment. It's not easy. Please visit my website at **www.sweetchastity.com** where I can be contacted as well.



Essential Ponygirl Equippage



Blinders:
An excellent way to keep your pony's eyes on the road or track, they also prevent her from seeing who's touching her or what will be done to her next.

Saddle and Armbinders:
Even when upright, it is appropriate to have your pony saddled. A good saddle will have the arms attached to form a seat, distributing a rider's weight across her arms, shoulders and waist. An upright pony should never be given the use of her arms.

Brand:
A pony should always be branded with her name and that of her Master or Ranch. Flame, here, is from the Omega Stables.

Garter:
In any team where there are paired ponies, the outer thighs are a great place to attach a garter with bells – the jingling is excellent for drawing attention to your team and timing out their paces.

Tail:
A chastity belt leaves the anus open, so that's an excellent place for a plug with a long shock of hair.

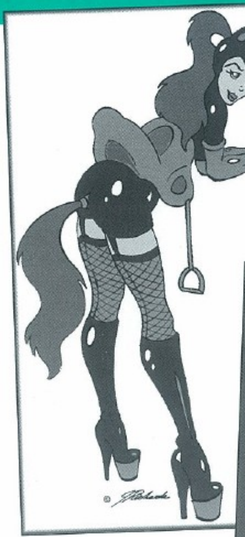
Bit and Bridle:
With a little training, she'll learn to respond to tugs from either side instructing her to turn and also how much to turn, depending on tension. The bit is also an effective gag – especially with a tongue pad – keeping her sounds limited to animalistic whines, noises and whinnies.

Nipple piercings:
Her nipples should always be ringed, for decorative use, to attach bells, or as an additional place to attach her reins.

Gait:
A good high step should always be striven for.

Chastity Belt:
Left to their own devices, animals have a tendency to inelegantly rut with each other. A good chastity belt is necessary to curb this practice and save their drives for when you are ready to breed them. It will also prevent her from developing any affection for anyone other than her Master and any other mate chosen for her.

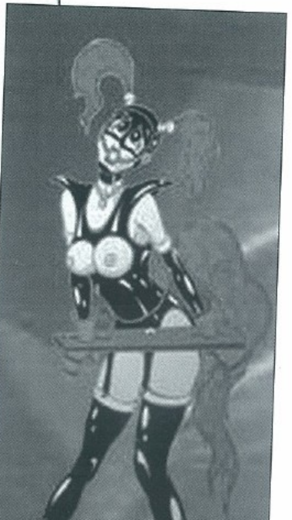
Boots:
All pony shoes need to be shod with Horseshoes, to protect their toes and leave a lasting impression in the soil. Shod ponies are better tracked upon escaping.



I am 27 years of age and currently reside in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. I am very happily married and have been doing animation, graphics, design and illustration for about 8 years. The work I do in the realm of fetishism is honestly done for no one but myself. Please do not misunderstand me, I am overjoyed when others enjoy and understand my artwork, however I would continue to create fetish imagery whether it was appreciated or not.

I try to create a sense of fun and playfulness in every piece that I do because to me, our sex lives evolve from our playtime as children. By this I mean that as children we learn, share and express ourselves through play. As adults I think that our sex lives are our playtime, where we learn, share ourselves and express our feelings with others.

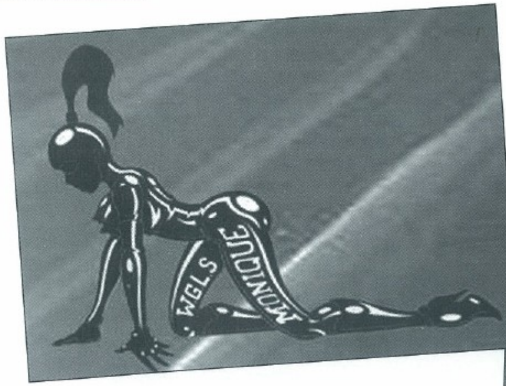
My use of color is also a deliberate attempt to again inspire the same sense of fun and playfulness. In most of my works I use primary color groupings to this end. As far as technique, I use the same process for my fetish artwork that I use for every frame of my animations, that is I start out with a very rough, loose sketch of my idea and from there I do a tight cleaned-up version which is then scanned into the computer where color and other subtle effects are added.

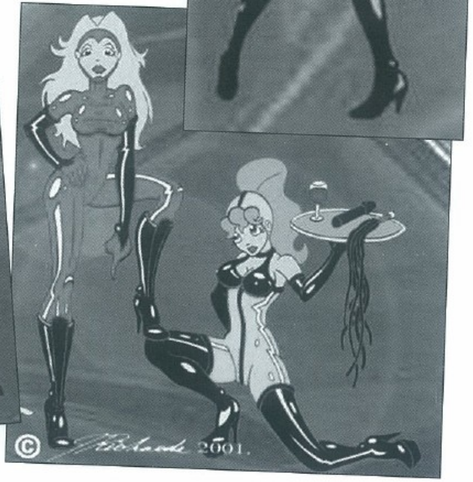


My work has been published in Skin Two Magazine as well as on the web at www.art-of-sin.de Recently I did a couple of pieces for the girls at www.laxliquid.com including a "Merry latex-Mas" card design which was circulated as the club Christmas card.

I also have been working with a brilliantly creative group of people for the last 6 months to develop a latex fetish themed animated film that we hope to have completed within the next year.

To me latex is very sensual for many reasons, however I think one of the main reasons is the way it exaggerates the lines and curves of the body. Animation is all about exaggeration therefore a marriage between the two seems very natural to me. Hand signed prints of my artwork, as well as original line drawings are available for sale and priced to inspire collectability. You can reach me by e-mail at the following address:
james777@dccnet.com

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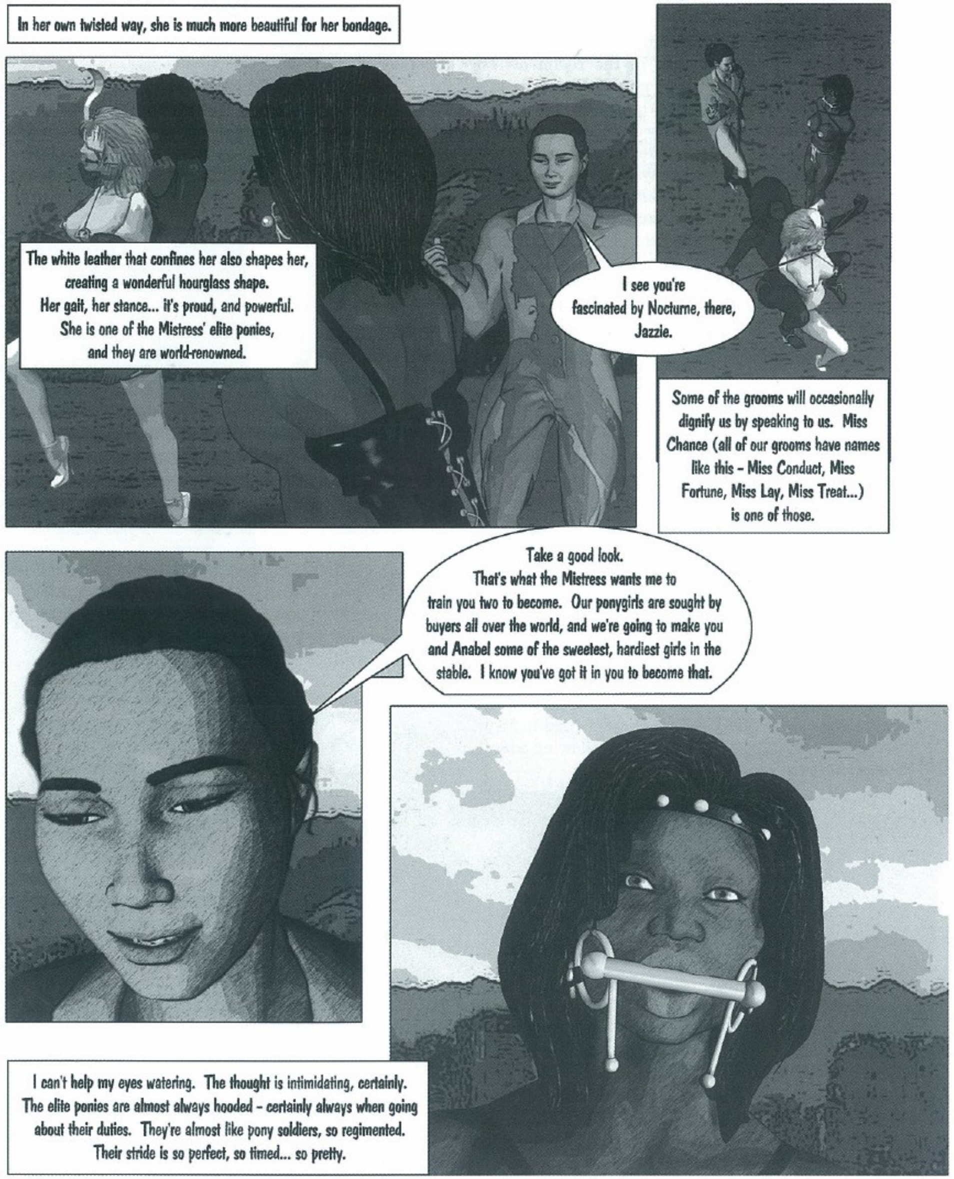
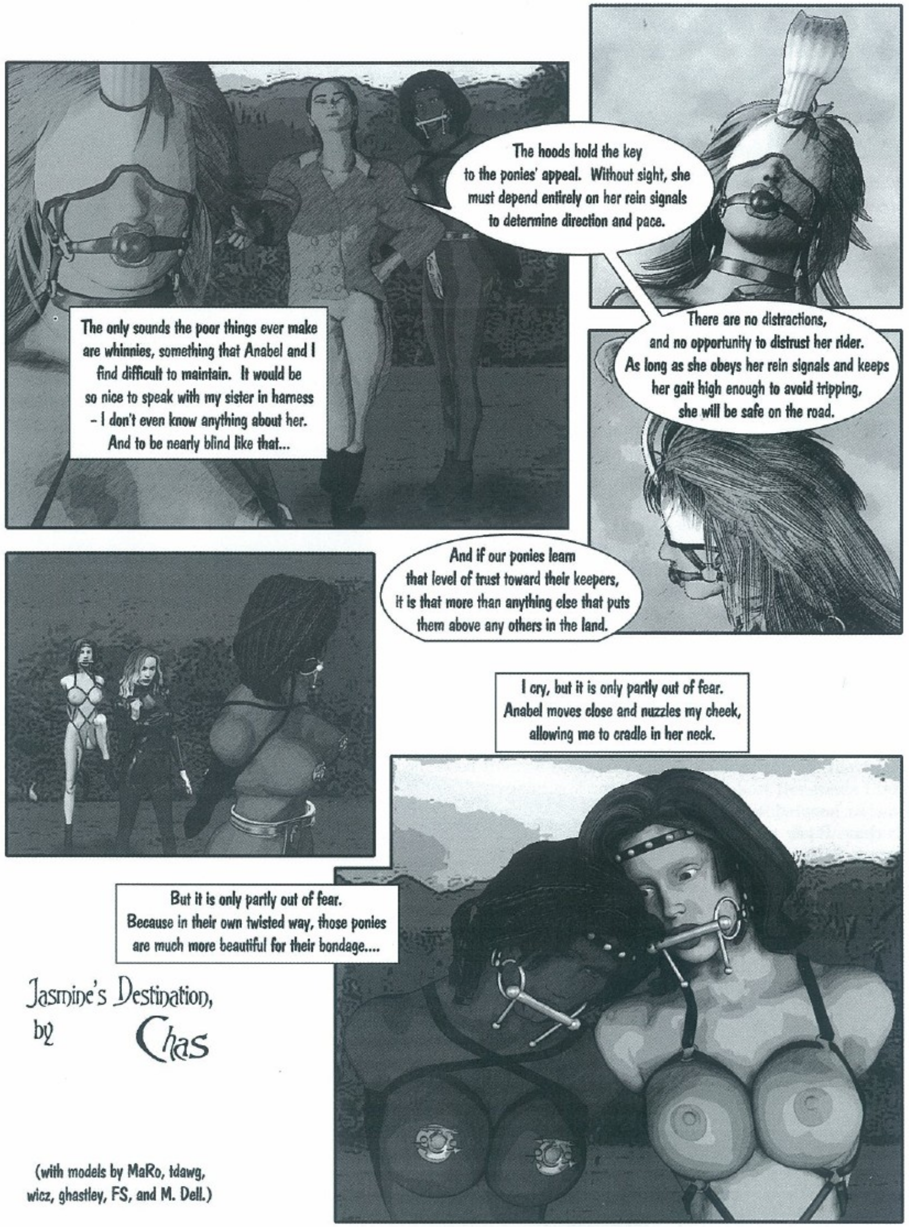
Jasmine's Destination


In her own twisted way, she is much more beautiful for her bondage.
The white leather that confines her also shapes her, creating a wonderful hourglass shape. Her gait, her stance... it's proud, and powerful. She is one of the Mistress' elite ponies, and they are world-renowned.
I see you're fascinated by Nocturne, there, Jazzie.
Some of the grooms will occasionally dignify us by speaking to us. Miss Chance (all of our grooms have names like this - Miss Conduct, Miss Fortune, Miss Lay, Miss Treat...) is one of those.
Take a good look. That's what the Mistress wants me to train you two to become. Our ponygirls are sought by buyers all over the world, and we're going to make you and Anabel some of the sweetest, hardiest girls in the stable. I know you've got it in you to become that.
I can't help my eyes watering. The thought is intimidating, certainly. The elite ponies are almost always hooded - certainly always when going about their duties. They're almost like pony soldiers, so regimented. Their stride is so perfect, so timed... so pretty.


The hoods hold the key to the ponies' appeal. Without sight, she must depend entirely on her rein signals to determine direction and pace.
The only sounds the poor things ever make are whinnies, something that Anabel and I find difficult to maintain. It would be so nice to speak with my sister in harness - I don't even know anything about her. And to be nearly blind like that...
There are no distractions, and no opportunity to distrust her rider. As long as she obeys her rein signals and keeps her gait high enough to avoid tripping, she will be safe on the road.
And if our ponies learn that level of trust toward their keepers, it is that more than anything else that puts them above any others in the land.
I cry, but it is only partly out of fear. Anabel moves close and nuzzles my cheek, allowing me to cradle in her neck.
But it is only partly out of fear. Because in their own twisted way, those ponies are much more beautiful for their bondage....

Jasmine's Destination,
by Chas

(with models by MaRo, tdawg, wicz, ghastley, FS, and M. Dell.)

www.sweetchastity.com

Ponyplay in the USA

Ponyplay in the USA features reports from around the country about events that have involved ponyplay in some fashion. All readers are encouraged to submit material for publication.

The Crucible Pony Playday and Show

Washington, D.C.

by ponyboy Shadow & Mistress M

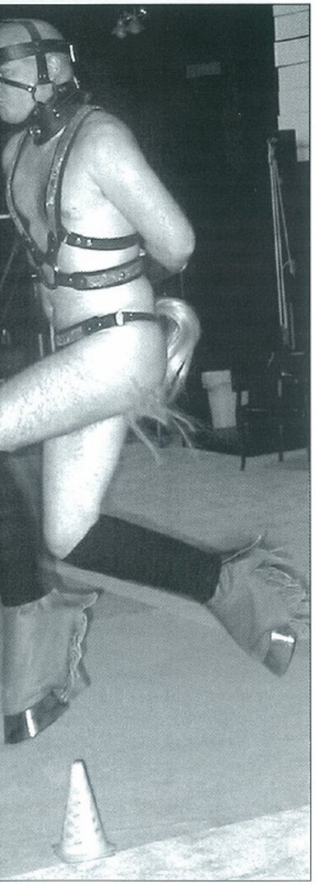
I think I have finally "come down" enough to write about the Crucible's Pony Playday and Show that was held in January in DC's premier play space, The Crucible. WOW! I knew we would get some ponies and have a good time, but I had no idea just how wonderful it would go! I felt like a little kid at Christmas.

The Crucible's Frazier, HRH Susan, and Dirty old man Pat helped to make sure we had everything we could possibly need. The Crucible is just wonderful for indoor ponyplay, with plenty of space for carts, jumping courses and very high ceilings for shoulder riding. I can't believe how well it worked out. We had ponies pulling carts, being two-legged ridden, four-egged ridden, and lunged all at the same time. It was such an electrical charge to look around and see everyone riding and being ridden.

We had 6 ponies in the show and many more that came to play and be trained but were unable to stay for the entire day's event. Three new ponygirls tacked up for their very first time at the event. They all did so great. I want to congratulate all the participants in the show.

I was so honored and thrilled that Piper pony came down to join us. I have admired Piper for some time now and finally got the chance to talk with her and get to know her. I cannot believe you gave me a shoulder ride; you are such a strong, sturdy pony. Like Tim I had to giggle watching you work with ponygirl Misha as you two were synched in gait. Now there is a thought, synchronized ponies. The two of you did move wonderfully together it was truly like watching art.

Starlight pony made me so proud! For sometime I have thought you would be a beautiful pony and you are. I am so delighted that you enjoyed it so much. I cannot get over how easily you transitioned from being MsDonna into Starlight; you were so graceful. I could see your nervous jitters slowly melt away as the day went on. I can't wait to work with you more.



Ponyboy Shadow jumps over a pylon.

Ponygirl Misha jumps over Piper Pony.

Ponygirl Spellbound never ceases to amaze me. I do believe I saw her do every type of ponyplay there is on Saturday!

Ponygirl Michelle you have to be one of the cutest little ponies I have seen. Thank you for coming out and showing us your ponyself. You and Tim the Groom Guy worked well together.

Master Blackthorne and Misty, once again you took my breath away. I always love to see you both and to see you two doing ponyplay is even better.

Tugmaker, what else can I say? You are the best mule I have ever met and I just know you will impress me more with each meeting. Love and sugar cubes to you all!

Placings for the Crucible Ponyshow

(Emily Reed, judge)

Ponyboy Shadow:
Best of Show (Highest combined scores overall)

Ponyboy Red Hot Pony:
First in Athleticism & in Overall Impression; Second in Originality

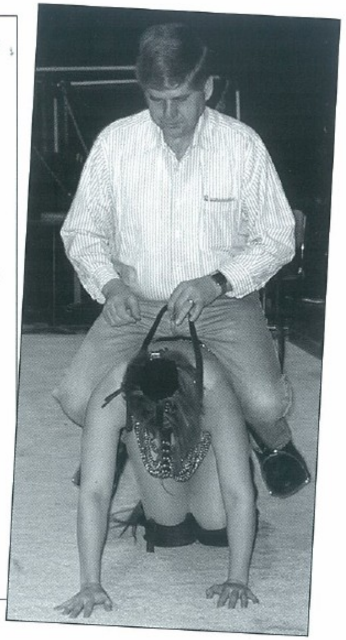
Human Mule Tugmaker:
First in Originality; second in Athleticism (tie)

Ponygirl Starlight:
First in Appointments (tie); Honorable Mention in Conformation

Ponygirl Michelle:
First in Conformation; Second in Appointments

Ponygirl Treasure:
First in Appointments (tie); Second in Conformation

Ponygirl Misha:
Most Promising Novice; Second in Overall Impression & Athleticism (tie)



Paul Reed riding ponygirl Misha.

Vicious Valentine

Chicago IL

by ponygirl Solitaire

The MidwestAreaPony (MAP) group has been fortunate enough to participate and sponsor two local ponyplay workshops in the Chicago area this year. MAP's coming out event was during Malicious Masquerade (held the weekend of October 26th) and more recently, Vicious Valentine 5 (February 15th-17th). As the founder of MAP, I am continually surprised at how quickly the group has grown and how welcomed we have been at the local events. The Organizers of both events, too, are pleased and excited with the enthusiasm and praise that MAP generates.

For Vicious Valentine (VV), MAP was invited to sponsor a demonstration on Saturday and once again host the petting zoo. Last event, the petting zoo was a smashing success with two bovines, a dog, a rat, and numerous hyped-up ponies and way too many sugar treats! It has become a well-established fact that Illinois ponies will do anything for a sugar treat. Unfortunately, the audience has to deal with ponies on continual sugar highs.

During the events, the MAP group supplies a pony-sized training sulky so that everyone can enjoy the thrills of cart driving. Not only do the Drivers and ponies enjoy it, but the audience, too, gets wrapped up in the energy that ponyplay generates. During VV, Sir Richard and I brought the cart to the dungeon and we had cart rides for about four hours, with the cart encircling the ballroom that was cleared of BD/sm equipment. The cart rides are generally the first taste that many have of ponyplay, at both ends of the reins. Some people who have bad knees and backs can pull the sulky without any discomfort; the sulky is perfectly balanced so that the pony does not have to bear any weight and the Driver is balanced on the single seat (comfortably with no back rest, only foot rests). It takes very little for momentum to get going and after a few steps the pony merely has to obey the rein commands to enjoy him or herself. Yes, we are cart and ponyplay pimps!

This year's VV event, unfortunately, received the stern focus of a right-winged extremist organization. So diligent were their efforts that VV's original venue reneged on the contract and refused to host the event. Hours later, VV found another home and were back on track. After discovering that the event was not cancelled, the organization stepped up their efforts to have it stopped. This included taking their gripe to the national and local press, the Mayor's office, and the Police Chief's office.

Thanks to the tenacity and diligence of the organizers of VV (Lord Suttle and MsMJ), it was never in doubt whether or not Vicious Valentine 5 would take place.

MAP had originally been scheduled to hold two demos, including a petting zoo. As the date drew near, limitations on what MAP was able to do became more realistic. There was a legal concern that if MAP coerced, enticed, encouraged other ponyplay enthusiasts (even those mildly interested) to partake in any aspect of ponyplay, then the

Organizers (and perhaps even MAP) could then be held liable in the event that a participated felt that they were indecently exposed.

Yet, the Organizers were determined to permit MAP to partake in the event. Scaled down, the demo was modified to a round table discussion on Saturday night. Surrounding the tabled filled with equine literature, copies of EQUUS EROTICUS, various styled bits, harnesses, reins, and leg wrappings, sat the MAP attendants: Sir Richard, MsAlicia, MsAingeal, ponyboy Spike, ponygirl Molly, and me. We had some interest from fellow VV Participants, and enjoyed talking with those who were curious as to what we were all about.

Modesty was an issue that MAP was very concerned about in terms of its members. In the past, MAP emphasized how, with minimum tack, anyone can participate in ponyplay. Although fancy tack and accessories are eye-catching, and the human body is a marvel to behold, I made sure that none of the members compromised the safety of others.

I took the responsibility to place a few restrictions on the MAP group. While I fully encourage the freedom of expression (including that of full nudity), I opted to send out notices that the ponyplay event during VV5 was not to challenge the Illinois decency laws. This meant no genital exposure, a thong was required for satisfactory coverage and I suggested that female nipples and areolas be covered. Sir's and my ponyplay, although exhibitionists at heart, does not require nudity to enjoy or enhance our ponyplay. For us, ponyplay is a mind warp. We have done it with full clothing (outside during Chicago winters) and full nudity (at Leather Retreat), and clothing never seems to be a factor.

Thankfully, the other MAP members that attended VV with us were more than willing to be accommodating to the few clothing restrictions. I always enjoy the energy that members generate either in private or public ponyplay.

On Saturday, there were a few rides given, both ponyboy Pokey and I could be seen to trotting or prancing around the dungeon area. We were given some strange looks by some of the security officials that were hired to keep everyone safe and protected. Someone told them that ponyplay is a fetish and drew the analogy that some people like to pretend they're little girls or cheerleaders; some people like to pretend they're ponies. "It takes all kinds", kindly stated the official.

Sunday was the day of fun! Under the Lord Suttle's instructions, Sir and I brought the cart to the event for some Sunday afternoon driving. With no fears of local authorities, MAP was able to let loose and have a blast, spending hours upon hours working with the training sulky as well as two-legged riding. The corral was set up and M&Ms were readily available for anyone who wished to feed the ponies. Cart driving is always so much fun, as much of the audience loves witnessing such ponyplay as well.

MsAlicia had her spurs and steered her pony with a buggy whip rather than reins. She also rode her steed on his shoulders, towering about everyone in the dungeon area. Throughout the day, several newcomers came to try out the cart, both new ponies and new drivers.

Everyone seemed to enjoy the cart, either witnessing it or driving it. One of my highlights of the event was having Spike hop up on the driver's seat and drive me around the dungeon. I do so enjoy pulling the cart and wanted to thank everyone who was patient with my determination to trot, NOT walk, while being driven.

Sir and I wanted to thank everyone involved in MAP and helping MAP participate in this year's Vicious Valentine's event. Sir and I could not possibly do it ourselves! Many thanks to: MsMJ, Lord Suttle, MsAingeal, MsAlicia, MsRegina, ponyboy Spike, ponyboy Pokey, ponyboy Basil and ponygirl Molly.

MAP looks forward to doing more local events, and broadening our horizons and making more of a presence on the national ponyplay scene. Many of us will be at Leather Retreat 2002, eager to meet old friends and make new ones!

Mailing List:
MidwestAreaPonyplay@yahoogroups.com

Website:
ctsm.scenetalk.net/pony/index.html

Editor's Note: For more information on how to counteract attempts to shutdown legal BD/sm venues please contact the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom at **www.ncsfreedom.org**

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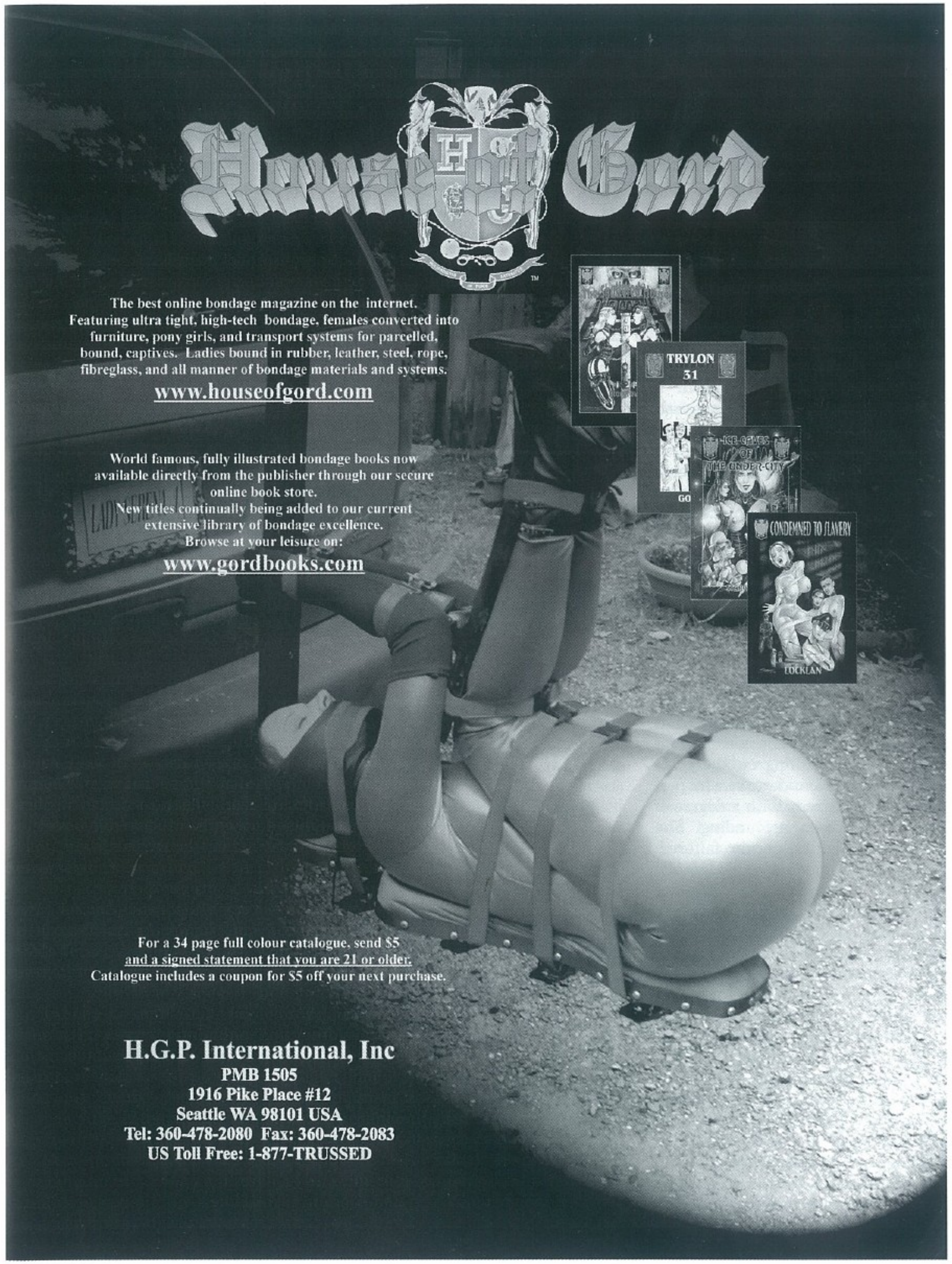

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FICTION

Return to Endless Trail Ranch

by Duncan McChesney
Part 2 of 2

illustration by Turk
Sequel to "Endless Trail Ranch" featured in Issues # 6 & # 7.

The ground in the clearing was soft and the grass was short. I began directing Shia in a leisurely circle, familiarizing myself with the manner in which she responded to the pull of the reins.

Gradually, I encouraged her to go faster. As she did, I began changing our course from a circle to an ellipse, making her turn with increasing sharpness at each end. Her movements were perfect. Soon I was pulling her laterally with alternating commands, and then we did a combination of alternating forward-reverse steps during which she steadfastly maintained her balance and poise.

It seemed that no matter what command I gave her, no matter what movement the pulling on the reins compelled her to undertake, she performed each activity with a degree of success that was astounding. She never hesitated, she never faltered. She reacted immediately and instinctively, as if discerning in advance what I wanted her to do.

She was breathing heavily again, releasing the sweat and the scent. With each expansion of her chest, her nipples pushed enticingly through the leather mesh.

Focusing on my commands to her, taking in the view of her body, I was only dimly aware at first of other movements near me. When I suddenly looked away from her, I saw Cathy and Chad in the clearing. She was tugging on the reins to make him turn right, then left as they went from one end of the area to the other.

> She was breathing heavily again, releasing the sweat and the scent. With each expansion of her chest, her nipples pushed enticingly through the leather mesh.

I could see that she was concentrating intently on what she was doing, but her features also revealed an undisguised elation. She pulled sharply on the reins occasionally to make Chad halt abruptly, then prodded him forcefully with her knees to make him stride away. As she repeated the actions, triumphant smiles appeared on her face.

My own commands to Shia now took on a new urgency, and she seemed to relish each more sternly applied pull and prod. She responded quickly and expertly when I reined her in or urged her forward.

Soon Cathy and I were directing our mounts through a kind of spontaneous exhibition. We would have them perform in tandem, then solo. Shia and Chad also eagerly entered into the spirit of the activities, each of them trying to outdo the other in executing the commands of their respective riders.

I was so involved in the whole experience that I was only vaguely aware at first of how dark the clearing had become. The sun had dipped below the tree line and the shadows were thickening with each passing minute.

Pulling Shia to a stop, I glanced at Cathy, who reined in Chad with a confident tug.

"Looks as if we've pretty much used all the daylight here," I said.

Cathy nodded. "Yeah. I suppose we should start back." The disappointment was evident in her tone.

"Ready for the return trip?" I said to Shia, rubbing her sweat-dampened shoulders.

She shook her head to indicate yes. She was breathing deeply, but still showed no signs of real fatigue. She held me on her as easily as she had when I first climbed onto her back.

Pulling on the reins to swing her around, I urged her forward. Cathy and Chad moved next to us, and we retraced our route through the trees to the crest, then onto the meadow trail.

With the transition from afternoon to evening, the air had become cooler. Inhaling, I felt refreshed, invigorated. The crisp, clean air also seemed to reenergize Shia, and she strode rapidly along the path.

As we entered the glade, we noticed other riders winding their way in the twilight among the trees. I thought I recognized Jim and Diane a short distance from us, but I couldn't be certain in the dwindling illumination. At any rate, the riders and their mounts disappeared behind a thick stand of aspen. Maybe they wanted to take one final excursion around the glade before ending their experience.

When we reached our cabin, I reined Shia to a stop, somewhat reluctantly.

Dismounting, I stroked her flanks, then let my fingers glide across the top of her buttocks before I relinquished the reins. She gently flexed her thigh muscles.

"Outstanding," I said. "The ride. You. Everything." I dropped the bit from her mouth and removed her bridle.

"Thanks, Doug," she replied, smiling warmly. "That's why I'm here."

Cathy climbed off Chad, keeping her arms around his chest for several seconds while she did so, then let her hand drop down his side to his waist. Next she removed his bit and bridle.

"You were excellent," she said to him. "The ride was great."

"Glad to hear that," Chad said with a sly grin. "It's always nice to be appreciated."

We put ropes around their necks and tied them to the hitching post. Shia and Chad stayed by the entrance to the cabin while Cathy and I went inside. I phoned the lodge to report that we had finished our ride. Several minutes later I saw a young woman approaching. When she reached the mounts, she untied the ropes from the hitching post and led them away, their forms eventually fading into the darkness.

Cathy closed the curtains on the cabin window. She went to a chair by a small dresser, sat down and pulled off her boots.

Sitting on another chair by the bed, I looked at her.

"So, you've just had your first ride on a ponyboy," I said. "Comments? Conclusions? Was it what you expected?"

She smiled. "Much more than I expected. The feeling of being in control like that. Issuing commands, having them obeyed completely. And immediately."

She paused, then frowned slightly. "Of course, I'm sure I wasn't as good as what Chad is probably used to."

"Don't start on that again," I said, laughing. "Remember, there's a first ride for everyone. Now you've had yours. The more you do it, the more skilled you become."

> She began speaking slowly and deliberately. "I was just wondering what it would be like, not to be the rider."

Cathy nodded. "I know. Practice brings improvement." She laughed also. "Well, we have the rest of our vacation to practice, don't we?"

"That's right. The call of the outdoors awaits us every afternoon while we're here."

I then noticed that Cathy had a rather unusual expression on her face. It seemed to reflect some inner effort on her part, as if she were trying to say something but was unsure of how exactly to proceed.

"The type of riding we did today was really great, Doug," she finally said. "But I was thinking," She hesitated "about when you were here last year. The kind of riding you did then. Not upright, and outside. But the other kind. You know. Inside. Hands and knees."

I nodded. "Sure. But I don't know if we can get mounts for this evening."

Cathy shook her head, smiling. "I don't mean that." She began speaking slowly and deliberately. "I was just wondering what it would be like, not to be the rider."

Her eyes now sparkled. "I realize I've had no training or instruction in it. But maybe we could just try something more informal."

"Your interest in exploring new things is truly impressive," I said with mock formality.

I went to the phone.

"What are you doing?" Cathy said.

"Seeing if we can get some tack over here."

"Oh, we really don't need all of that for this first time, do we?" She had begun to unbutton the buttons of her plaid shirt. "There are other ways to ride."

I didn't pick up the receiver.

After unfastening the front of her shirt, Cathy opened it and pulled it down her back, revealing rounded breasts covered by a satin bra. She removed the shirt and tossed it on the bed. As she stood up, she unzipped her jeans, then slid them downward on her legs.

Though not as sharply defined as Shia's, Cathy's thighs were sleekly muscular, as were her hips, around which were wrapped skimpy satin thong underwear.

Cathy moved to the middle of the floor, then went down to her hands and knees. She positioned herself firmly on the soft, thick carpet, then glanced up at me.

"Well, Doug?" she said. "Does this look right?"

Entranced by what she had already done, I swallowed before speaking. "That's certainly a good first step."

Going over to her, I put one hand on her shoulder, then moved my other hand down her back until I reached her buttocks. Massaging her there for a few seconds, I then slid my hand to her thighs. I kneaded the muscles of both legs before bringing my hand up to her flanks.

My other hand had rubbed her shoulder muscles and arms and had brushed over her breasts on the way to her abdomen, where I massaged her gently.

Cathy nodded her head slightly as I continued to stroke her. Then I saw her tense her thighs and arms.

With a quick motion, I swung my leg over her and slowly situated myself near the top of her hips. Putting my weight on her, I noticed that she seemed quite capable of accommodating me. I grasped her shoulders at the base of her neck. She began rocking back and forth.

Loosening my grip slightly, I squeezed my knees against her sides and she moved forward, a bit haltingly at first, but then with a more assured gait.

I directed her lateral motions with signals from my grasping hands, commanding her to go left or right. A sudden tightening of my grip brought her to a stop.

The length and width of the cabin's interior was our course, and Cathy maneuvered her way past and around the dresser, chairs and bed with increasing skill. Breathing somewhat more rapidly than normal because of the exertion, she never slackened the pace I had set for her. She also was able to maintain her balance perfectly, even the few times when I made her turn sharply, or commanded her to stop abruptly.

If she could do this well on her first attempt, and with no tack, I mused, what could she accomplish with some training and specialized equipment?

Having her beneath me, responding to my control, was also having a noticeable effect on me, I realized as I felt the pressure at my groin. With increasing frequency I let whichever hand wasn't needed for signaling a turn slide under her torso to rub her breasts through the satin of her bra.

That was making her breathing come even more rapidly. As we passed the bed, she stopped on her own. Turning her head to look at me over her shoulder, her eyes revealed an unspoken message — one I instantly comprehended.

Within seconds, we were off the floor and onto the bed. After a brief, though seemingly interminable, delay while I hurriedly shed my clothes and Cathy flung off her two garments, we translated the stimulation engendered by the ride into a mutually satisfactory conclusion.

Afterward, as she lay against the pillows, Cathy turned to me.

"The ride," she said. "How was it?"

"You did fine," I said. "Actually, for your first time, you did extremely well. Really. I mean it."

"Thanks." She smiled. "But I think in this activity, I'll probably need to keep doing it in order to improve. Will there be enough time to practice outdoors and indoors too? You know me. I always want to do the best I can at anything."

If she could do this well on her first attempt, and with no tack, I mused, what could she accomplish with some training and specialized equipment?

"Yes, I know you." I also smiled. "As for practice, I guess we'll just have to make the time."

"Can we do it all?"

"Don't worry. I think we can manage it."

Jim pulled the zipper of his jacket upward. The morning air was crisp and cool, and the dew on the grass between our cabins glistened in the sunlight.

"We kind of lost you guys after we got back here last night," he said. "Did you go through the woods on the other side of the ranch?"

I jammed my hands into the pockets of my hooded sweatshirt. "No. We just came to our cabin and stayed there."

Jim smiled. "Any comments from Cathy?"

"I know for certain that she was impressed. With everything. What about Diane?"

"Same with her. She's ready to go again today." He gazed at the spruce trees towering over us. "I think we're going on a group ride. Want to join us?"

"When is it?"

"Early afternoon. From what we were told last night, it's supposed to be a scenic excursion, on one of the mountain trails."

"Sounds fine," I said, then paused. "Uh, some time today could I borrow a couple of things?"

"Such as?"

"One of the saddles you brought with you. And a bridle."

Jim appeared puzzled. "But I don't think my saddle is the type you need for these rides."

"It's not for the outdoor riding."

Gradually Jim's expression changed, and he smiled again with a mixture of understanding and bemusement. "Oh, I see." Now he was laughing. "Sure, take anything you need."

"I'll be over to get the stuff later."

When I returned to our cabin, I noticed that Cathy was already dressed in her western attire.

"Well, my first day at the Endless Trail Ranch was definitely an eventful one," she said as she adjusted a yellow scarf at the neck of her denim shirt. "What's on the agenda for today?"

"How about a group ride? Jim just mentioned it."

Cathy nodded. "Okay. That's during the day, right?"

"In the afternoon."

"And later?"

I grinned. "Don't worry. I'm sure we can fill in the schedule somehow."

She also grinned, then looked out the window. "Great morning. Would you mind if I went for a walk around the place?"

"No problem. I have a few things to do also."

"We can just meet back here before lunch." She headed for the door.

"All right. Have fun."

A couple of hours later Cathy and I, along with Diane and Jim, strolled leisurely to the dining room of the main building, encountering numerous individuals and couples with the same destination. At lunch, I made a conscious, though I hoped unobserved, effort to listen to some of the conversations of people around us.

The discussions centered primarily on the riding, and I heard several references to the upcoming group activity in which we planned to participate. The eagerness of those who were going to take part was evident.

I was enthusiastic as well, especially after I had been informed earlier that I would be able to ride Shia again. Cathy was equally pleased when she was told that Chad would be her mount.

After lunch, and following instructions given over the public address system in the dining room, we went with at least two dozen other people to an assembly location near a large corral. Then we waited with anticipation until, from an adjacent building, a procession emerged of handlers leading pairs and quartets of mounts.

I immediately spotted Shia, clad in leather, her spectacular thighs rippling as she approached me. lead by the rope around her neck.

She smiled. "Nice to see you again."

"Same here, " I managed to reply.

Shia's handler also had Chad, along with two other mounts designated for Diane and Jim, who quickly stepped forward to claim them.

Cathy just as hurriedly took possession of Chad, bridling him, grabbing the reins and practically leaping onto his back.

I wanted to be on Shia without delay also, but after I bridled her I waited for her to position herself so she could take my weight. She did so as effortlessly as before, and I was atop her once again.

When everyone else in the group had mounted, we headed toward a trail that entered a thick stand of trees. At the head of the assemblage was a mount that had been selected to lead us. A tall woman with short-cropped blond hair, she carried a man who was wearing one of the largest cowboy hats I had ever seen.

As I glanced occasionally at the other riders, I noticed that the expressions on their faces revealed a variety of emotions: determination, rapture, and elation.

The trail passed through the trees, then emerged onto a slope at the base of a mountain. As we progressed, the view became increasingly stunning, a sweeping vista that revealed snow-capped peaks, clusters of evergreens and meadows adorned with flowers. This panorama was visible because we were climbing at a steadily sharper angle. By the manner in which Shia's muscles were tensing with each step, I could tell that she was exerting more effort, but there was no evidence that she was struggling.

Neither did Chad seem to be having problems. Cathy had her knees pulled in tight at his sides, and she had one hand on his shoulder. Just behind us, Jim and Diane were encouraging their mounts with occasional nudges and prompts with a crop.

Most of the other riders were gazing at the scenery; apparently content to let their mounts proceed at their own pace. We were near the front of the group, and were easily maintaining our forward progress. Occasionally a rider would pass us, then execute a swift turn on the narrow trail and wait until the column had moved past, apparently to demonstrate more advanced equestrian skills.

I wasn't ready for such maneuvers yet. For now, I enjoyed alternate views of the mountains and valleys around us and of Shia's body as it functioned at its optimum level.

At this higher elevation, the temperature was cooler, which helped the mounts. Even so, a thin sheen of sweat appeared on Shia's shoulders, and her scent was released again with the heat from her skin.

I glanced at Cathy occasionally, and her satisfaction with the ride was unmistakable. She nodded approvingly at me several times.

As I glanced occasionally at the other riders, I noticed that the expressions on their faces revealed a variety of emotions: determination, rapture, and elation. Some of the individuals held tightly to the shoulders and backs of their mounts. Other riders kept their reins constantly active as if to pointedly remind the mounts of exactly who was in charge. Still other riders sat casually in their saddles, moving gently to the rhythm that their mounts' movements created. Eyes half closed, mouths slightly open, these individuals seemed to be reveling in their own inner thoughts.

My own feelings were a mixture of respect for Shia's ability to carry me with such ease, and the stimulating reaction produced by her motion beneath me. Whenever I leaned forward and looked over shoulders, I could see her breasts rising and falling with each deep breath. And I could also see the alternating strides of her legs, the muscles flexing on the chiseled thighs. Her pace was steady and sure as she negotiated the frequently rough surface under her feet. I held the reins with a secure grip, but I basically relied on her expertise as a mount. She didn't disappoint me, and her performance intensified my stimulation.

Eventually, as we wound around the mountain, the trail started to descend. I saw the tops of the buildings at the ranch, and the shapes grew larger as we approached. I hadn't kept track of the time, but from the lengthening shadows on the ground I knew that we had been out for much of the afternoon.

I was certain that no one in the group wanted the ride to end, but the compensation was that a repeat activity was always possible.

When we reached the corral, I brought Shia to a halt. She leaned forward as I dismounted, then straightened, her breasts pushing forcefully against the leather mesh that entwined her upper torso. I removed her bridle and tied her to the fence.

"That was great again," I said.

"I think that trail is one of the best ones we have," she said. "The view from up there is breathtaking."

"In a lot of ways." I smiled.

A sly look graced her features. "You're very observant."

Cathy had climbed off Chad, and was giving the reins to the handler.

"Hope I didn't hold on too tightly," she said.

"You were fine. From the edge of the trail in some spots, it looks like a long way down." I said.

As we watched Shia and Chad being led toward the building by the corral, I turned to Cathy. "Well?"

"Fantastic. The ride. The scenery. Everything."

Diane and Jim approached.

"Great activity for the afternoon," Jim said. "I wonder if that's the longest trail here?"

"It has to be the highest one," Diane said. "I wasn't sure when we would stop climbing."

Jim looked at me. "What about this evening? Want to check out the events in the main building?"

I glanced at Cathy, who was brushing bits of dust off the cuff of her jeans. As she raised her head, our eyes met.

"I think we might just stay in this evening," I said slowly.

Jim's response was nonchalant: "I had a feeling you might say that."

Opening the door of the closet in the cabin, I decided to dispense with any preparatory remarks. I reached in, grabbed the saddle and bridle, then turned and held them up for Cathy to see.

"I borrowed these from Jim," I said. "And you know him. He acquires items of only the highest quality." I paused. "What do you think? Want to see how we do with another kind of riding?"

I put the saddle on her back, then secured it around her torso. She gasped slightly when I cinched the strap, and I heard her murmur, "Tighter. That's good."

Cathy was silent for a few moments. "Well," She finally spoke, drawing out the word. "as it happens, I obtained some things myself, with that very thought in mind."

She stepped to a dresser by the bed, pulled out a bag, then walked to the bathroom. "I won't be long," she said as she went inside.

A few minutes later, she emerged.

All I could do was stare at her and at what she was now wearing. She still had on her boots, but above them her legs were bare until a short leather skirt that wrapped tightly around her hips eventually concealed the tops of her thighs. A bare midriff then met a mesh of leather behind which her breasts were visible, especially the nipples that reached through the crosshatch pattern. The garment was remarkably similar to Shia's.

Laughing gently as she observed my continued silent reaction, she said, "Comments?"

I finally managed to speak. "When did you get those things?"

"Do you like them?"

I nodded. "There's great. But when?"

"This morning, when I went for a walk. Over at the main building there's a special shop. Items like this are available." She paused. "So, am I dressed appropriately?"

"Absolutely. You made excellent choices." I moved toward her, carrying the tack.

Even before I could say anything to her, Cathy immediately went to the floor, placing her hands and knees on the thick, soft carpet. I put the saddle on her back, then secured it around her torso. She gasped slightly when I cinched the strap, and I heard her murmur, "Tighter. That's good."

After the bridle was on her head, I tugged on the reins a few times to acquaint her with the movements, first pulling to the right, then the left, then backward. I saw the muscles of her shoulders and legs tense.

With a swift motion I swung by leg over her and eased down onto the saddle, grasping the reins as I did. I urged her forward, slowly at first so she could become comfortable with my weight. Then she picked up the pace as we settled into a course around the cabin. After a while, I started giving her commands for a series of maneuvers sudden turns, reverses, accelerations and abrupt

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stops. If she faltered a quick lash with the crop I was carrying acted to correct the error.

My control over her generated a sensory rush that surged through me in ever-stronger waves. With every command to her, with every pull on the reins, my pulse quickened. The pounding of my heartbeat reverberated in my ears as I directed her forward, then made her turn suddenly, then stop, then turn around, and then go forward again. Occasionally I stroked her flanks and her thighs. Soon I could detect her own scent subtly different from Shia’s, but just as intoxicating. Sometimes I touched the red welt left by the crop and the heat from it was transmitted to my fingers.

Though not as refined or polished as the mount from my previous visit, nor as self-assured as Shia, Cathy did well for a novice. She seemed eager to carry out my commands, never once failing to make an attempt to complete whatever she was compelled to do. In fact, the more sternly I applied some the actions and used the crop as reinforcement, the better Cathy seemed to perform.

As had happened during our initial bareback ride, this saddled activity brought both of us to a level of stimulation that again culminated in a mutually beneficial conclusion.

Afterward, Cathy gazed at the saddle and bridle, which were lying next to the bed. “We need to commend Jim for his ability to select only the best.”

I entwined my fingers through the leather mesh garment beside a pillow. “And you should be congratulated for your choice as well.”

She smiled. “Do you think Jim needs his things back right away?”

“I don’t think so. We should be able to utilize them for as long as necessary.”

And we did, for the remainder of our stay at the Endless Trail. Cathy relished her dual roles rider by day, mount by evening. During bright, cool mountain days we rode over every outdoor path connecting the ranch to the forests, meadows and slopes surrounding it. We managed to maintain the services of Shia and Chad for all these journeys, and their competence continued to astound us. At night, our cabin was the scene of more limited, but no less rewarding, riding activities. Jim never asked for his saddle to be returned. He and Diane spent most of their time in the main building during the evenings.

When at last the duration of our stay came to an end, we walked to the office with a great deal of reluctance.

> “This is an individual who can help you further pursue your interests in this area. Help you improve your skills, you might say. He’s one of the premier trainers in the country, and I think he would be ideal for you.”

Jeanette and Carolyn were at the reception counter when we approached.

“Hi,” I said. “I guess we’re ready to check out.”

Smiling, Jeanette went to a computer and brought data to a screen. “Was everything satisfactory while you were here?” She looked at me, then at Cathy, Diane and Jim.

“It was great. Tremendous. Outstanding.” Everyone seemed to speak in unison.

“We’re glad to hear that,” Carolyn said. “We strive to fulfill our guests’ expectations.”

“Or sometimes exceed them,” Jim said casually. He completed the sign out procedures, and then he and Diane walked toward the door. “See you outside,” he said to me.

I waved.

Glancing at the terminal, Carolyn said, “You’re Cathy and Doug?”

We nodded.

Carolyn continued: “I see that Cathy purchased some items at our specialty shop. Items usually intended for those who are not riders. Am I correct in assuming that they were utilized for a particular purpose? While you were here?”

Without hesitation, and smiling pleasantly, Cathy replied, “That’s right. And the results were quite satisfactory.”

“Very good.” Carolyn shook her head. “In that case, I may be able to assist you further.” She reached for an address book, flipped through the pages, then jotted down a name and a couple of contact numbers on a notepad.

Handing the note to Cathy, she said, “This is an individual who can help you further pursue your interests in this area. Help you improve your skills, you might say. He’s one of the premier trainers in the country, and I think he would be ideal for you.”

Carolyn glanced at me. “I believe you would appreciate the results of Cathy’s enhanced abilities.”

“Thanks,” Cathy said. “It’s good to know that there are such resources available.”

As we walked down the steps of the building and headed toward the parking lot, Cathy stared at the note. “A trainer. An expert.”

“Yes, I already know what you’re thinking,” I said, pretending to be serious. “You want to be the best at whatever you attempt.”

“That’s me.” She grinned. “Would you prefer me any other way?”

“Never.”

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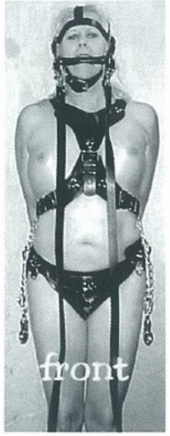

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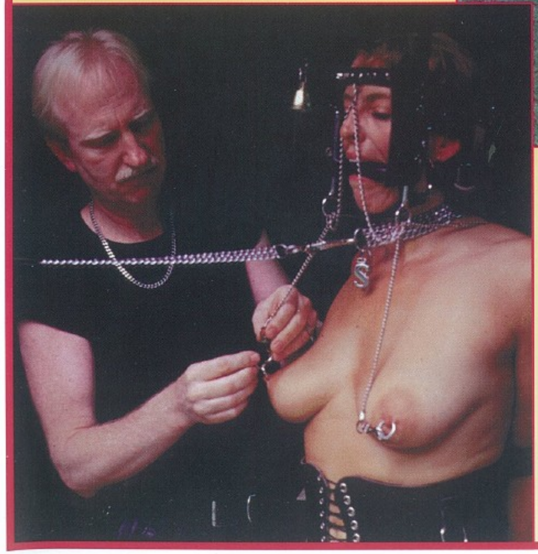
Pony Girl Submission

This very special videotape features Michael and Ingrid (first featured in EQUUS EROTICUS Magazine #4) and graphically depicts Ingrids' initial training as a cart pony-girl. This European couple are destined to become worldwide role models for ponygirls and their Masters.

This story takes place at a real pony farm where humans are strictly controlled by Master Trainers working their steeds. You will feel the intense submission of Ingrid as she enters the mind space of a skittish filly constantly testing her boundaries. Because she is fearful and rebellious, her new nipple and labia rings are used to control and calm her. Her Master Trainer Michael slowly allows her to be broken to her nipple reins. His use of nipple reins passed through the bit is unique and follows the old adage among horse trainers that to use harsh control gently is indeed a very effective training method.



She resists her lunge line training and being bridled. In one climactic scene she is punished for not presenting herself for nipple reins. She also learns not to fight when shackled by her labia rings! After several days of training she learns to be a perfectly trained cart ponygirl.

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